POLITICS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

WHAT MAKES G.I.'s FIGHT?

# The Reporter

October 24, 1950

25c

CLASH OVER KASHMIR

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Primitive rice mill in Burma

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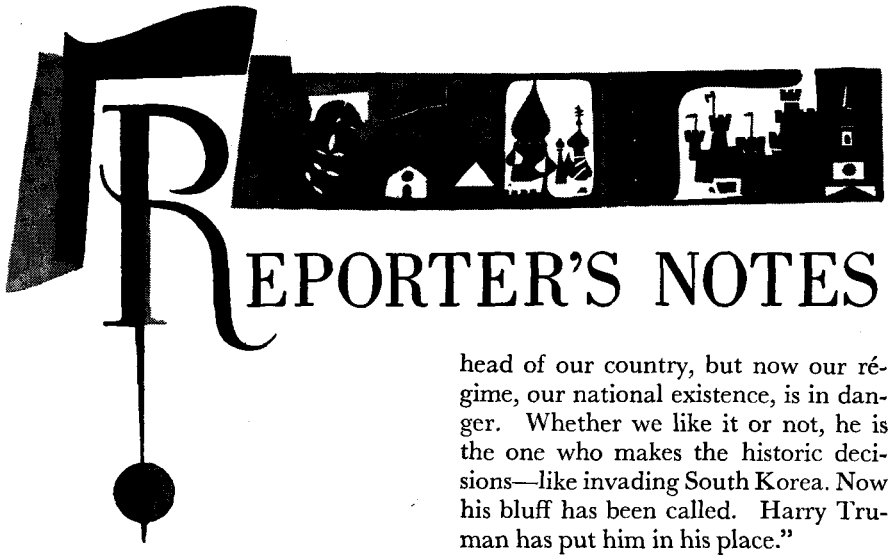

# REPORTER'S NOTES

## That Man—III

(See *The Reporter* for May 24 and August 1, 1950.)

The blood pressure of the Soviet patriots who hate That Man in the Kremlin reached an all-time high when U.N. troops captured Seoul. "See what he has done?" they whisper in dark corners. "He has given the West a chance to probe how much military strength we have and how much of it we can use. Instead of trembling, people in the West may even start figuring out what is wrong with our home front, why we have to keep so many people under arms, and what kind of arms we have. He has opened a gaping hole in the Iron Curtain, and now our enemies are getting a look at us.

"It had to happen some day. You can't get by forever on luck and breaks. Trotsky knew it all the time: *He's* a small man who got where he is because he acts, talks, and actually is like everybody else. His plodding, bureaucratic mediocrity covered up his conquest of power. His enemies could never bring themselves to believe, until it was too late, that our least brilliant and impressive leader could establish himself in the Kremlin.

"He can't afford having men of higher stature around him. The victorious generals of the Red Army have been sent to rot in provincial garrisons —or worse. The people he likes are old cronies from his home state, like Beria. Or if he can't find a Georgian, he'll take nobodies like Molotov.

"In ordinary times it might be all right to have a man like that at the head of our country, but now our régime, our national existence, is in danger. Whether we like it or not, he is the one who makes the historic decisions—like invading South Korea. Now his bluff has been called. Harry Truman has put him in his place."

## The Kashmir Muddle

It's difficult to judge India and its great leader, Pandit Nehru. If we consider how long it took our country to develop a foreign policy, and what kind of external pressure made us do it, then we must marvel at the decision Mr. Nehru took when he condemned the invasion of South Korea. But if we see how reluctant India has been to stand for a free, independent Korea, then we must regretfully conclude that India falls short of the role that could be hers. The reconstruction of Korea, the establishment of a democratic order, must be sponsored and supervised by the democratic Asian nations, of which India is, on all counts, the greatest. If India does not lead, who will?

Perhaps it is best in talking about India to be completely frank, as becomes friends. One of the main reasons why India is not exerting her full measure of leadership in Asia and in the world is the fact that her moral and military power has bogged down in Kashmir. There is an article on this subject in this issue of *The Reporter,* and in the next issue we will carry another, more favorably inclined toward India. But one thing seems to us beyond controversy: No other Asian army and administration are more entitled than India's to lead the U.N. forces in Korea when, after the liberation, an election is held. Unfortunately, the Indian Army—which takes up fifty per cent of the Indian budget—is fully engaged in Kashmir, and Mr. Nehru is unwilling to withdraw it.

Mr. Nehru has been saying a bit too frequently that we in the West should learn to look at Asia with Asian eyes. With all due respect, this seems to us a rather far-fetched metaphor. We cannot ask world travelers to carry a pocketful of assorted eyes—Asian, African, South American, and what not. The great philosophers of India have made memorable contributions to the thinking of men, irrespective of continents. Our country has not yet had the time, or the disposition, to contribute great philosophies, but it is trying to practice two important principles that can be used by all men: straightforwardness and common sense.

## Senator Brewster's Trip

When Mr. Brewster, the senior Senator from Maine, got back from Europe early in the month, he had nice things to say about Marshal Tito. "He was one of the mildest appearing dictators I have ever met—not at all like Hitler or Mussolini," our correspondent quotes him as saying. "As a matter of fact, I don't think he would be complimented, but he reminded me of Franco in personal appearance."

We have been following with great interest Senator Brewster's activities in favor of Franco, our would-be anti-Stalinist co-belligerent on the extreme Right. Now we note as an evidence of the Senator's broad-mindedness his friendly attitude toward Tito, our anti-Stalinist co-belligerent on the extreme Left. Mr. Brewster seems to specialize in collecting marginal cases and patronizing strange allies.

## Sorry, Senator

At long last it has happened: A U.S. Senator, Mr. Knowland of California, has denounced *The Reporter* as a Red magazine.

Of course, a young magazine can always use some promotion, and we should be grateful to Senator Knowland. But the Senator has not done a particularly good job in popularizing Nationalist China. So we are mildly amused—no more. For the promotion of *The Reporter* we rely only on ourselves and on the friendship of our readers.



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# Correspondence

## In Defense of Cater

*(Note: Our October 10 issue carried an anonymous letter sharply criticizing Douglass Cater's article, "Mobilization: Truman's Ideas" [issue of September 12]. The following defense of Mr. Cater was written by a Washington official whose name has been withheld at his request.)*

To the Editor: I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find *The Reporter* publishing an unsigned letter. I refer to the one appearing in the October 10 issue commenting on Douglass Cater's article in the September 12 issue.

In defense of Mr. Cater I would say he wrote a very creditable article. Even allowing for the fact that there are two opinions on every subject in this town, you would not have to hunt very hard to find plenty of officials in Washington who would substantiate what Mr. Cater had to say. But my concern is not with Mr. Cater's contribution, but with that of Mr. Anonymous, and his unsubstantiated, unrelated comments inspired by Mr. Cater's otherwise commendable performance.

Mr. Anonymous's unsolicited comments notwithstanding, Mr. Truman is generally credited by both his friends and his political enemies with having done a thorough and capable job with his Senate committee during the last war. You don't have to rely on government officialdom for this one. A brief check with your friends in the industrial world who had contacts with him will reveal that they feel he knows the business of industrial mobilization well. As for this matter of an economic czar, Mr. Anonymous himself is naive when he fails to recognize that a "czar" is an appropriate symbol only when all-out authority is required. Until and unless we have an all-out war effort, Mr. Truman is eminently correct, and loyal to the democratic foundations of his country, when he withholds any action to name a defense czar.

As to Mr. Anonymous's statement to the effect that Dr. Steelman "hasn't handled a real labor row at the White House for years," I suggest you simply check the newspaper accounts over the past two years covering strikes that have reached proportions of concern to the White House—particularly the rail strikes. You will find Steelman very much in the labor picture for the White House. Mr. Anonymous is obviously a personal critic of Steelman, whose talents for negotiation and compromise are an administrative necessity in the operation of our democratic system of government. Umpires and peacemakers always have enemies.

Mr. Cater's comments on the potential choices (September 12) for the over-all job of co-ordinating the defense effort, necessarily written sometime before that publishing date, have proven to be correct, particularly his implied prediction that Mr. Symington would get the job. Cater did a straight reporting job, and apparently must have done a good job of checking Washington opinions before he wrote his article. Certainly what he published on September 12 is more correct now and on October 10 than the comments of Mr. Anonymous as published in your October 10 issue.

I am sure that your sense of editorial fairness will cause you to accord this statement at least as much attention as the one you have already accepted.

Washington

## What We Sell

To the Editor: Some Americans ask why we can't sell our democratic system as easily as we sell merchandise.

Our great depression left us and the world with grave questions about our system. We have assembled a bonny, cellophane-wrapped package through which the customer sees a magnificent display together with alarming objects: hard times, unemployment, prejudice, slums, Tobacco Roads. He heard secure Americans declare that these abominations must be tolerated indefinitely as dowdy bulwarks of liberty.

Moscow's sealed bundle looks suspicious, but the customer knows our system has been in operation much longer than Moscow's. Even so, he views our mixed grab-bag with misgivings. Western European workers have democratic freedom, too, but their wages are pitiable, their lives drab. Though blessed with abundance and good fortune, we have prickly thorns in our own package of fine things and we must be patient with the customer's hard questions.

My subscription to your magazine has been one of the most richly rewarding investments I have ever made. Thanks to you and your contributors.

ALVINA FRANDSEN
New York City

## Inquirer or Inquisitor?

To the Editor: We have read with interest a copy or two of *The Reporter*. They were called to our attention by friends in the University of Hawaii.

We have noted an occasional contributor who has affiliations with well known Communist front organizations. May we ask if this is known to the publishers or if the articles are accepted and published on the fact that the writer is deemed an authority on the subject?

Will you kindly forward, via Parcel Post. C.O.D. a copy of the June, July and August, 1950, issues for our further study?

JOHN T. JENKINS
Executive Secretary
Hawaii Residents' Association
Honolulu, T.H

*Could any of our readers kindly let us know whether the Hawaii Residents' Association is merely a group of people lucky enough to reside in Hawaii—or a new court of law?*
—The Editors

## *Contributors*

Richard Fry is the financial editor of the Manchester *Guardian*. . . . Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, a French journalist whose work is familiar in these pages, is now visiting the United States. . . . Ernest Leiser writes from Frankfurt, Germany, where he is bureau chief of the Overseas News Agency. . . . Beverley Bowie, author of *Operation Bughouse*, is now a staff writer for *Pathfinder*. . . . Herbert Harris, an economist, is the author of *American Labor*. . . . Beatrice Pitney Lamb has recently returned from a tour of India and Pakistan, which she made under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. . . . Theodore Draper visited Guatemala as a special correspondent for *The Reporter*. . . . Leo Rosten, as "Leonard Q. Ross," wrote the Hyman Kaplan stories for the *New Yorker*, and has also made an extensive study of Hollywood and its products. . . . Cover by Zappert; inside cover photograph from Black Star.

*The Editors*



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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

October 24, 1950 Volume 3, No. 9

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*Editorial*

# Would Europe Fight?

If war breaks out, will the people of western Europe fight? This question may seem too dangerous or indelicate to be asked out loud. Yet, now that the rearmament of the European nations is getting under way, it is imperative to assess the moral strength of the people on our side. We cannot have a black market of doubts and qualms while the leaders of the Atlantic Alliance pronounce resounding declarations of the unanimous resolve to fight should the enemy attack.

The argument of our preventive warriors, though they seldom admit it, is mainly based on a lack of confidence in our European allies. This skepticism is to be found among the newest brand of American isolationists—the people who have shifted our western boundaries from the Pacific Coast to Japan and Formosa. On the other hand, many authoritative European publicists tell us most explicitly how their countrymen dread the prospect of once more undergoing the trial of invasion and liberation.

## *'Give Us Power—Or Your Life'*

Actually, it is not the Russian Army outside the national border, but the strength of the Communist Party inside the border, that saps a nation's will to fight. There is far less uneasiness and far more straight, unemotional thinking in the Scandinavian countries than in France and Italy, while Britain is, as usual, a world unto itself, tired and unafraid.

Democracy becomes an empty and sometimes ludicrous ceremonial in a country where the Communist apparatus is strong enough to form the major opposition party. In a country where the Communist Party is the major and only pretender to the nation's government, the citizens are relentlessly asked to choose between life and death. No democracy can long stand such a test. In a country where democracy works at its best, an unusually lugubrious candidate for office may go so far as to warn the voters that if they choose his opponent, grass will grow in the streets. But when the returns are in, citizens realize that their daily life is still running its normal course.

When citizens are asked to choose between life and death, quite a few are tempted to fix things so as to gain some immunity should the party of death prevail. In a nation where Communism is strong, there are many fixers around—all the leaders and subleaders of the Communist Party, down to the precinct and city-block level. Nobody in his senses and with an elementary knowledge of Italy can believe that there are two and a quarter million convinced adherents of the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist faith in that country. But certainly there are about two million people who have bought the membership card of the Communist Party as an insurance policy.

For the citizens of Italy and France, the Communist danger is represented by the fellow who lives next door rather than by the hordes of fully armed Ivans stationed in eastern Europe. The fellow next door may be a member of the Communist Party because he is afraid of somebody else who lives on the floor below and whom he meets every morning on his way to work. People in Europe and anywhere else in the world can become inured to the threat of war and learn to do the things that have to be done to diminish or remove it. But it is nearly superhuman to become inured to the constant threat of civil war.

## *Deflating Communism*

Yet, if the Atlantic alliance is to become a political and military reality, the Communist Parties in western Europe must be drastically deflated. When the largest possible number of party members are made to realize that their membership card is a bogus promise of safety, then the vicious circle of fear will be broken. When the European people acquire a sense of security at home, they will be ready to fight to maintain it. This is, of course, first of all the business of the Allied governments. But it is also very much the business of our government and of our people, for the outcome of the political conflicts in western Europe will have a direct bearing on the sacrifices we shall have to make.

Even before the Marshall Plan was first devised, the notion had become quite widespread that the best defense against Communism is to remove the economic and social causes that make for it. This is undoubtedly a sound principle; but if we make it a



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cure-all in the fight against foreign Communism, we may just be adding one more cliché to the many that already becloud our minds. To be fully effective, the ECA kind of work must be accompanied by constant intervention in the internal affairs of the countries that receive ECA assistance.

Unless we delude ourselves with some of the platitudes of international law, we must admit that intervention in the affairs of other countries is an everyday occurrence. Tiny North Korea intervened powerfully in the internal affairs of our own nation on June 25. Our intervention in the anti-Communist struggle of western European nations must help them dispose of a threat which is international in character and with which they could not cope by themselves. We need have no qualms about intervention, but we must see to it that it is the right kind of intervention—synchronized with the political and military strategy of the western alliance and aimed at the welfare of the European people.

The first thing to recognize in our intervention is that the Communists gain when a single party in any country enjoys the monopoly of America's confidence. We shouldn't bother forcing anti-Communist political or labor groups into shotgun marriages or into so-called coalition governments—like that of Italy—where the representatives of minor parties hold the precarious positions of guest members. Our experience with China should teach us to beware of political régimes that develop strong Kuomintang features. For we have learned by now that the democracy of a friendly nation—and we ourselves—have nothing to gain when political life is reduced to terms of either-or: either Communism or the one political group that has more or less wholehearted American backing.

## *Italy's Case*

Although still far from becoming a new China, Italy is the best illustration in Europe of how dangerous the situation may become when the anti-Communist struggle is confided to one predominant party. This party, the Christian Democratic, gained an absolute majority in the last election, and completely controls the government. It is a big, catchall party, whose supporters, joined by their fear of Communism, represent the most opposite interests and ideologies, from radical Christian Socialism to unashamed Bourbonism. The party is led by a man whose devotion to democracy is unimpeachable, one of the few liberal statesmen of our time. But Premier De Gasperi's leadership is constantly hampered by intraparty factions, and the program of social reforms to which he is dedicated is frequently snarled by the intrigues of unsavory camarillas. When a party claims to be the only bulwark against Communism, it inevitably ends by falling under the control of its most ruthless factions, and the one-party predominance can easily turn into a one-party system.

Italy is still paying for the great stampede of April 18, 1948. That election was the nearest thing to a civil war, for if the Communist bloc had won it would have received a popular mandate to conduct its revolution. If democracy is to grow in Italy, such a situation must never be repeated. This state of things can be fatal for all the anti-Communist forces involved—including the Church, which can never again run the risk of having the Communists grow strong enough to control the country whose capital is Rome.

Should the present situation prevail, with an uneasy party enjoying the practical monopoly of power, and with an inflated Communist movement as the only effective alternative, then Italy would once more turn out to be the soft underbelly of the international coalition to which she belongs. Fortunately, with the elections a year and a half away, there is still time to act. When the Italian voters make their next decision, they must be free to choose among several democratic political parties at variance with each other on internal political and economic issues, but all united in the determination to carry through the policies of the Atlantic Alliance.

Competition, in politics as well as in business, is still the system most cherished by the American people. We should not delay letting our European allies know that it is useless trying to oppose monolithic Communism with monolithic anti-Communism. The strength of the anti-Communist forces is multiplied, not divided, when two or more democratic parties vie with each other in winning away Communist votes.

In the European countries most exposed to the Communist threat, the influence of the United States has become the temporary substitute for those constitutional rules and traditions that keep the conflict among political parties alive—and within bounds. With all the means of persuasion at our disposal, the encouragement of democratic alternatives and the discouragement of entrenched one-party monopoly, no matter how disguised, can be made quite explicit and effective.

*The Reporter* has pointed out before that this thing we are in is, above all, a world civil war. Our European allies can be counted upon to resist armed Russian aggression if first of all we use our influence and our skill to free them from the threat of civil war.

—MAX ASCOLI



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# Italy Faces
# The Battle of the Autumn

*Democracy is the freedom of each class to fight for its own interests without interference from the state, and the right of the strongest class to win.*—A spokesman for Confindustria (Italian Confederation of Industry)

This fall, Italian organized labor is threatening to launch its biggest campaign since the end of the war. Three trade-union federations, dominated respectively by the Communists, the Christian Democrats, and the independent socialists, have agreed on a set of economic demands covering four million workers. If the negotiations fail, the Battle of the Autumn, as the press calls it, may paralyze Italy.

The two anti-Communist labor groups, which have thrown in their lot with the Communists this fall, were both formed in the past year to challenge the rule of the Communists' CGIL (General Confederation of Italian Labor). The older and larger of the two is the predominantly Christian Democratic CISL (Italian Confederation of Workers' Unions); the other is the independent socialist UIL (Union of Italian Labor). The Communists' hold on Italian workers is one of the West's most critical problems. In spite of all the pressure against it—American financial aid, the Vatican, a brutally efficient police force, a series of colossal blunders on the part of the Communists themselves—the Italian Communist Party, with two and a quarter million members, is still as large as it has ever been in Italy, and larger than any other Communist Party in Europe. The CGIL can count on at least another million Communist sympathizers; and, in spite of the inroads made by rival organizations, it still exerts a predominant influence in the industrial north and among many of the factory and farm workers of central Italy.

The Communists have kept control of the labor movement by their unique capacity to thrive on defeat as well as victory. If they win, they claim the credit. If they lose, they point out that the worker will never get anywhere until capitalism is overthrown. Since Italian capitalism has done its best to prove the Communists right, they have, on the whole, preferred defeat; *tanto peggio, tanto meglio,* as the Italians say—the worse things go, the better.

The CGIL has not won significant economic gains for its members since 1947. It has made many sell-out agreements, or impossible demands to avoid agreements. It has called slowdowns

which have put companies out of business, and workers out of jobs. It has taxed its members' patience and resources in a series of reckless political strikes to sabotage Italy's reconstruction under the Marshall Plan—closing the factories down to oppose the De Gasperi Government, to oppose the Atlantic Pact, to cheer on the North Koreans, to protest the assassination of a Belgian Communist leader. In the past year, the workers have lost sixty million man-hours in strikes. Only twenty per cent of these were over wages; and of these, only 3.3 per cent resulted in positive gains.

These policies have hurt the CGIL. Membership, which was over six million in 1947, is down to about three million, although the Communists still claim five million. (In all membership figures claimed by Italian labor groups and political parties, due allowance must be made for a considerable degree of optimistic imagination.) In Milan, which used to be considered the Red capital, CGIL Secretary Giuseppe di Vittorio recently announced the loss of 300,000 members, and soon afterward the federation's Milan director was sent to Prague for "rest, recuperation, and reorientation." Moreover, there has been a marked drop in discipline. More and more workers ignore the party's calls for half-hour strikes. In Bologna, for example, only two thousand of the city's 80,000 CGIL members showed up for a "Stockholm peace strike." Strikes and demonstrations of various kinds scheduled for cities in central and southern Italy have often had to be called off at the last minute.

To keep the workers in line, the Communists have counted heavily on terror: menacing workers' families, putting pressure on management to dismiss active anti-Communists, and flaunting the open threat that the Red Army will soon arrive and take harsh reprisals against deserters. By combining terror with distant promises of salvation, the party continues to rule the factories.

In the Battle of the Autumn, the



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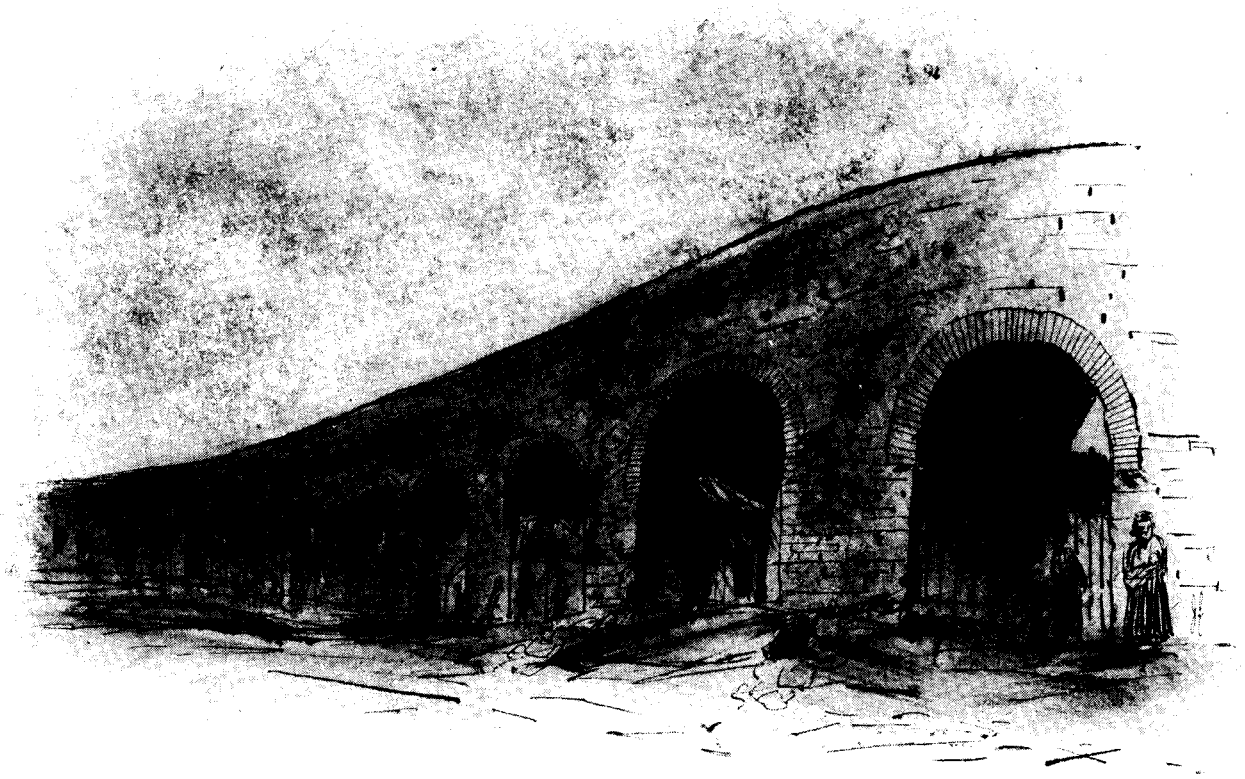

united workers—Communist and anti-Communist—are basing their stand on a formidable array of grievances. On the basis of studies published by the government, the Bank of Italy, and Confindustria, labor can make a powerful case: The minimum cost of maintaining a family of four in Italy is 51,452 lire (about $80) a month. The average monthly wage of an industrial worker is roughly 36,000 lire, including all social-security allowances. Since 1947 the individual worker's productivity has increased by fifteen per cent; the gross annual profits of Italy's sixty-seven biggest corporations went from 77 billion lire in 1948 to 111 billion in 1949, and their net profits from 24 to 40 billion lire. Meanwhile, wages have hardly budged.

The unions, however, are not asking for a general wage increase. They are making two more modest demands.

The first is for "re-evaluation of wage scales" to restore the balance between skilled and unskilled workers' wages. Following the postwar inflation, the unskilled worker's real wages have been brought back to their 1938 level. But several categories of white-collar and skilled workers are paid less than they received in 1938. Labor is asking to correct his dislocation, which would cost from three to five per cent of the national industrial payroll. It has been asking Confindustria for this since 1947.

The other demand is that the unions should have a voice in the dismissal of workers. In spite of noteworthy progress in production, the Italian economy is still unable to absorb its two million chronically unemployed; and there are still almost daily cases of mass dismissals—a hundred, a thousand, two thousand workers at a time. Labor is asking, not that the dismissals be stopped but that the shop committees, elected by all the workers, should have the right of arbitration with management officials on dismissals of workers in industries with surplus manpower. Article Three of an agreement signed by the CGIL and Confindustria in 1947 gave the shop committees this right. Confindustria has since refused to recognize the agreement.

The first attempts to break up the CGIL began two summers ago. Until that time, the CGIL had been founded on a formal compact made in 1945 by the Communists, the united front of labor, Socialists, and the Christian Democrats. By the spring of 1948—when the Marshall Plan was announced, and the Communists' intention to block it became unmistakable—the tensions within the CGIL reached the breaking point.

That summer, an attempt was made to assassinate Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti. The CGIL, still united, sponsored the last and most effective general strike of its kind. When the Communists attempted to prolong the strike into the fall, the Christian Democratic element, with roughly 750,000 members, pulled out and formed the LCGIL (Free General Confederation of Italian Workers).

The new group was led by Giuseppe Pastore, an experienced labor leader, whose close associations with religious and Christian Democratic trade unions proved a handicap in the anticlerical north. At least half his membership was drawn from ACLI (Catholic Association of Italian Workers), the trade-union arm of Catholic Action. The rest were enrolled members of the governing Christian Democratic Party.

Pastore announced that he intended to run a purely nonreligious and nonpolitical movement, founded exclusively on strict collective-bargaining principles. Certainly his hope was shared by the American unionists who were trying to help build a united anti-



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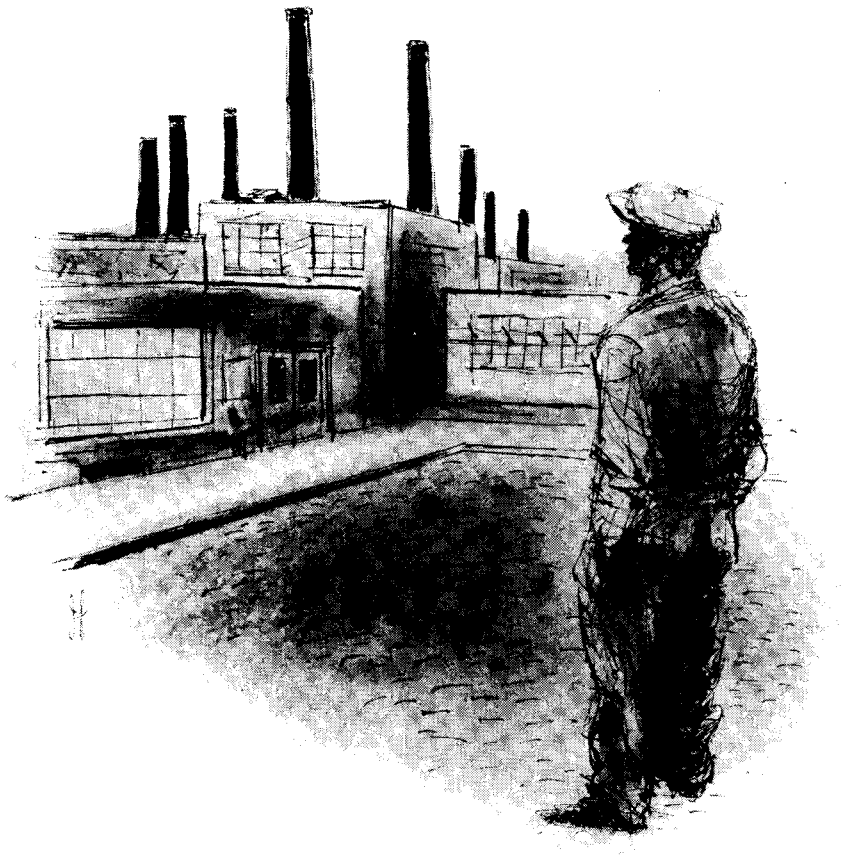
Communist front to oppose the CGIL: David Dubinsky, Luigi Antonini, and Jay Lovestone of the ILGWU, and Irving Brown, the AFL's roving European representative. Throughout the winter of 1948-1949, Pastore, with American financial and moral support, tried to bring the rest of the CGIL's non-Communist forces with him.

Before the split in the CGIL occurred, the Socialists had started the splintering of their own party. In 1947, two main groups went their own ways. One, led by Pietro Nenni, entered an even closer relationship with the Communists; the other, led by Giuseppe Saragat, swung over to an alliance with the De Gasperi Government. Of the million Socialist workers in the CGIL, the great majority took Nenni's side. In May, 1949, the Saragat Socialists formed another group, the FIL (Federation of Italian Workers).

The American unionists, who were pressing for a common anti-Communist labor front in all Europe, exerted all the influence they could to bring about the merger of LCGIL and FIL. Both were given funds without which they could never have survived; but the condition was quick unity.

In November, 1949, the FIL agreed to join with the LCGIL, and early this year the new, united CISL was officially launched. It remained predominantly Christian Democrat, with Pastore still general secretary; the FIL, which claimed 600,000 members and probably had 300,000, could not bring more than 100,000 into the new organization. In March, the Socialists and Republicans, who had stayed outside, formed another independent union called UIL, which now claims 300,000 members.

With all these splits, the anti-Communist labor movement has failed so far to improve the workers' living conditions or to weaken the Communists. The CGIL has managed to retain most of the Nenni Socialist group. Most of the members the Communists have lost have retired from the labor movement altogether, adding one or two million disorganized workers to the seven million workers who have never been organized at all. In the north, particularly, many workers can see little use in unions and still less in politics. Most of those who tear up their union cards don't like Communism. Yet when the general election comes, a year and a half from now, these forlorn workers may register their unhappiness by voting Communist.



Some people think that the American type of craft or industrial unionism—job-conscious and not class-conscious—could help Italian workers as much as it has our own. This may be so, but, according to people who are familiar with the conditions of Italian labor, the obstacles are many. First of all, Italian industrialists are at least a generation behind their American counterparts in accepting the principle of collective bargaining. To most Italian employers, an American like Sewell Avery would seem definitely left of center. Italian unions cannot hope to change management's mind by using the strike weapon, for they haven't the money to pay strike benefits. The industrialists often frustrate the labor unions—and even the government—by threatening to combat strikes with lockouts. Sixty-five per cent of Italian industry is subsidized, in one way or another, by the government—a situation that makes many employers immune to worries about losses from strikes and lockouts.

Moreover, the workers' basic problems are inextricably tied up with those of the whole national economic structure. In a country where production of cheap consumer goods does not begin to meet the people's needs, a slight improvement in wages can scarcely expand the workers' choice of goods to buy or houses to live in. Of course, collective-bargaining victories could give great impetus to the free unions, but in the last analysis it is the economic policy of the government that will decide the Italian workers' economic fate. Labor cannot help looking toward the government, for too much depends on the government's action. The government's influence is always preponderant. The Battle of the Autumn has been postponed from one week to another because of the constant effort on the part of Premier De Gasperi and his Minister of Labor to find a solution. Increasingly, the government has been backing labor against the employers. The government cannot afford being uninterested in labor, just as labor cannot afford being uninterested in politics. For the CGIL, that goes without saying: It annoys the government for purposes of subversion. But neither the CISL



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nor the UIL, in spite of all their protestations, relies on non-political trade-union bargaining for success. The CISL uses its ties with the government parties to get what concessions it can, while the UIL, an independent Socialist opposition, seeks to embarrass the government into the same thing.

This leads directly to the more urgent question of what kind of politics the Italian worker will support. When it comes to a choice of political affiliations and beliefs, the Italian workers—and indeed all Italians—see the alternatives more and more sharply reduced to two: Communism and Christian-Democracy. There are still some people struggling for a third way out, and others who choose to be camp followers, rather than out-and-out supporters, of the two parties. In this situation, it is somewhat incongruous to tell Italian workers, as American unionists tend to do, what they *ought* to believe and what kind of trade-union practices they ought to follow. They should rather find out what the workers have come to believe through years of hard experience and concentrated Communist propaganda.

At least a majority of the workers have an historical distaste for political clericalism, and a few years of a predominantly Christian Democratic government have not done much to make them change their minds. Even deeper than that is their consciousness of class. The existence, desirability, or inevitability of class struggle is not something that is debated by the theorists or practitioners of Italian trade-unionism; it is taken for granted by both industry and labor. The instinctive belief of the workers in class struggle is confirmed by the unyielding attitude of most employers. Inevitably, the workers hope for some form of socialism, no matter how vague or watered down.

The yearning for socialism prevails among hundreds of thousands of workers who long ago lost their illusions about Russia or the Italian Communist Party, and many more who never had such illusions. It is revealed in their attitudes to the labor movement, to the government, and to foreign policy. The Communists naturally keep their unquestioning loyalty toward the Soviet Union. The non-Communists and anti-Communists—and this goes for some Nenni Socialists as well—fear the Soviet Union. But until a short time ago they had an equally deep distrust for American *affaristi* (promoters) and a craving to stay neutral if the two big powers ever fought it out.

The Korean War perhaps marked the beginning of a change. People in Italy became aware that Communism, and not the United States, is the aggressor and the threat to peace. They are still to be told what America can do to guarantee their peace. They have to be told, above all, what America will do to improve their lot, and they have to be shown that a large number of the American dollars pouring into Italy will ultimately reach their pockets.

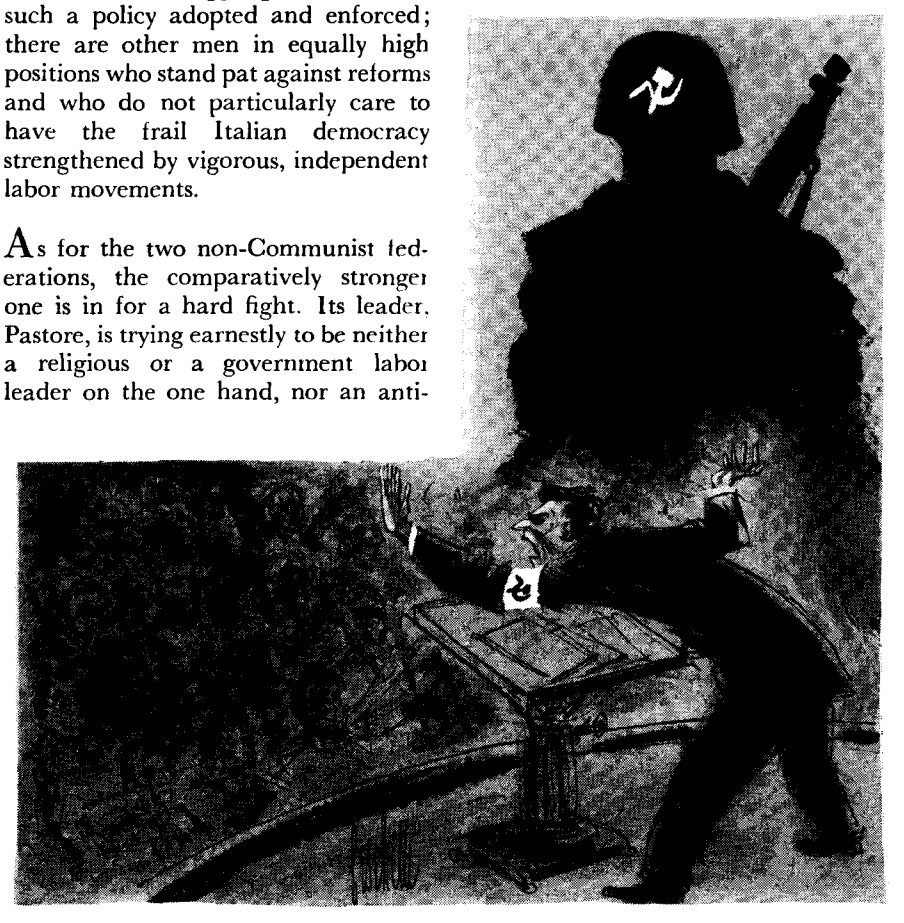
At present, all three trade-union federations have almost identical platforms, with the same grievances and demands. The two anti-Communist groups still have a chance of increasing their appeal to the workers if the Italian and the American governments provide the nation with a total social and economic policy—a policy aimed at improving the workers' standard of living and ultimately their bargaining power. In the government, and in the Christian Democratic Party, there are men who are struggling hard to have such a policy adopted and enforced; there are other men in equally high positions who stand pat against reforms and who do not particularly care to have the frail Italian democracy strengthened by vigorous, independent labor movements.

As for the two non-Communist federations, the comparatively stronger one is in for a hard fight. Its leader, Pastore, is trying earnestly to be neither a religious or a government labor leader on the one hand, nor an anti-capitalist on the other. The result has been that Catholic Action attacks him for not being clerical enough, and the mass of workers attack him for being too clerical.

The smaller of the two, the UIL, stands a good chance of growing if it keeps clear of internal wrangling. It is tied to the new Socialist group sponsored by Ignazio Silone, which opposes with equal fervor the domestic policy of the government and the imperialism of Soviet Russia. Free from governmental entanglements, the UIL can possibly accomplish what the CISL has so far proved incapable of doing—reabsorb into the trade-union movement the masses of anti-Communist workers who have grown tired of unionism and of politics.

Italy can still have democratic labor movements, strong enough to win away workers from the captive unions under Communist control. But this depends—more than on democratic labor leaders—on the economic policies that, with the assistance and prodding of the United States, the Italian government will develop.

—CLAIRE NEIKIND





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# Britain: Rearmament And Recovery

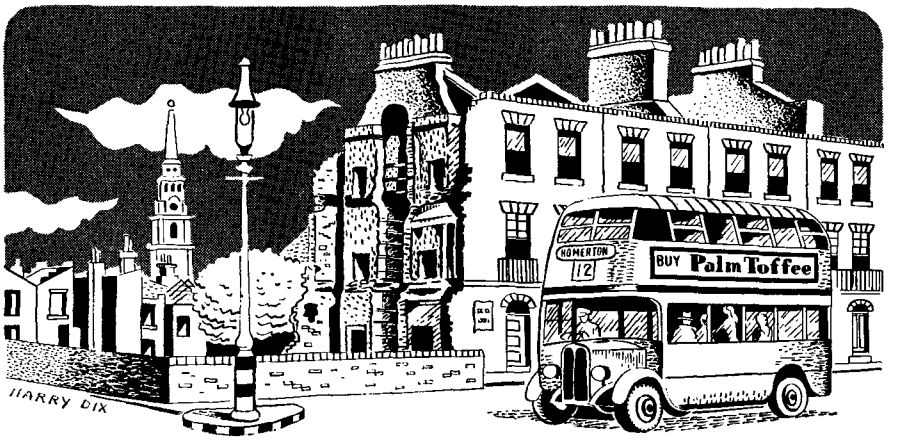
England has taken the impact of the Korean War slowly, reluctantly, but by now resolutely. After ten years, life was just becoming a little easier. Now the people have to defer again the hope of lower taxes, more houses, and less austerity in the kitchen. The popular mood could easily turn sour: "It's always jam tomorrow, never jam today." That, I think, is why Mr. Attlee's Government has broken the truth about rearmament gently.

In August, people were still being told that the extra defense expenditures would be more than covered by the recent startlingly rapid increase in industrial production, and that it was only a matter of slowing down the improvement in living standards a little. By September it was admitted that defense would cost fifty per cent more over the next three years. Hugh Gaitskell, the acting Chancellor of the Exchequer, finally told the House of Commons, "The consumer will have to bear the brunt."

In and around Whitehall, no one doubts that rearmament will cost far more than the sums that are now on paper. Few believe the official thesis that the job can be done without imposing new controls, requisitioning factories, directing labor to munitions jobs, and cutting down civilian production. But the idea is that there is no sense in getting excited in the first phase of planning and tooling up.

If the government's policy was to avoid excitement, it has certainly succeeded. There has been no trace of scare buying. Retail sales in July and August were hardly above those of June, except in a few lines like furniture and furnishing fabrics. The stores have too much, rather than too little, on the shelves; wholesalers report no unusual orders. Bank loans are down.

So far, inflation has been entirely of the imported variety. That is to say, domestic British prices have risen only where they were forced up by higher prices of imported raw materials like wool, rubber, and metals, already made high by last year's devaluation of the pound. In a year wholesale prices have risen fifteen per cent, retail prices only by about two per cent. Since Korea, commodity prices have gone up ten per cent; retail prices, according to the government's official index, have actually dropped a point. It is true that the official index is too narrow, but the most realistic estimates add only two or three per cent since June, and five per cent since September, 1949.




But stability and calm are now beginning to crack. Wages, fairly generally held down for over a year, cannot be held much longer. Labor is dissatisfied; and for all the talk about politics the principal cause is the high cost of living. Unsanctioned strikes have been breaking out all over the place. Such restiveness makes fertile soil for Communist agitation. The Minister of Labour, George Isaacs, has told Parliament of a Red plot to paralyze transport and utilities. Arthur Deakin, head of the giant Transport and General Workers' Union, has angrily demanded the suppression of the Communist Party. Against this background, more wage claims may have to be conceded, and the diversion of workers to munitions will require tact and wisdom.

Nevertheless, British industrial production goes on increasing month by month. Every skeptical forecast has been disproved; the most optimistic estimates have been left far behind. Whether or not the government's figure of a nine per cent rise in the real value of industrial output is precise doesn't matter much. Over so short a period as a year it is probably fairly usable. The London and Cambridge University Economic Service shows a seven per cent rise in a year. As a rough guide the two figures make sense. They are borne out by the steady growth of exports, by the obvious improvement in consumer supplies, and by what manufacturers report.

A rise of seven to nine per cent in industrial production at a time when the total labor force is stationary suggests an almost similar rise in



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productivity per worker. That is abnormally high. It is clearly due to the culmination of a five-year effort to reorganize and re-equip industry; to adapt management methods to full employment and the welfare state, and to expand the supply of basic materials and scarce components. The sensational change has been concentrated largely in the mass-production industries. There the supply of sheet steel, of small electric motors, of instruments, and so on has at last caught up with demand. As a result operations have become both larger and smoother. Also, after long postwar delays, many new assembly plants with the latest equipment have been completed.

The unexpected jump in industrial output has made some British economic writers believe that most of the additional defense effort may be met out of increases in the gross national product. The trouble with that argument is that the pressure of rearmament will fall precisely on the industries that have improved most. First, there will be dislocation and waste; when that has passed, rearmament will revive the congestion and shortages that depressed production before.

In fact, though the government's defense plan looks small in its first stage, it will have disproportionate effects in a tautly stretched economy. Take manpower first: In a working population of twenty-three million, only 280,000 are unemployed. The government says that the extension of compulsory military service from eighteen months to two years will take 77,000 men out of civilian jobs for an extra six months, and that increased defense forces will make the total about 120,000, while 250,000 workers will be needed at the peak of the arms program. Not large numbers, but large enough to cause acute labor shortages in key industries.

Factory space is equally tight. Only the aircraft industry has any vacant plants, outside of the government-owned ordnance factories, which cut down operations sharply at the end of the war. Almost all of the wartime "shadow factories" are fully in use by private industry.

The first group of defense orders will be chiefly for fighter aircraft, tanks and tank repair, transport vehicles, anti-submarine vessels, and antiaircraft and radar equipment. Work cannot proceed very far without cutting deeply into civilian production.

The government has asked manufacturers not to accept arms contracts which might conflict with exports to dollar or Commonwealth countries, or which might cause labor difficulties, without referring back to the government departments. At first glance, this instruction sounds a little too much like "business as usual," but it is perfectly in line with the declared basis of the whole western defense effort, that economic recovery is vital to military strength. But how long rearmament, high exports, and stable living standards can exist together remains to be seen.

The most serious impact of rearmament will be on Britain's balance of trade payments. This has improved since last year's devaluation, but the improvement has been far greater in the other countries of the sterling area than in the United Kingdom. British exports have only recently risen enough to make up for the lower dollar proceeds due to devaluation; they are far from having made up for the higher sterling cost of imports. Even in the sterling area as a whole, despite large exports and high prices for raw materials, the dollar proceeds of exports have not risen much. What has brought about the closing of the dollar gap is chiefly the drastic cut in dollar imports.

The United Kingdom, then, as distinguished from the rest of the sterling area, will be faced once more with a deficit in the balance of payments vis-à-vis the rest of the world and with a new dollar deficit; the gold and dollar receipts from the Commonwealth which are now swelling the London gold reserve will represent a fresh rise in Britain's sterling liabilities to the Commonwealth countries.

So much for the overseas aspect. At home the impact on industrial production and labor will depend a great deal on government policy. Is Britain going to "pay as it goes?" If so, by cuts in the present expenditures for social services, or by new taxes? Or will the government take the easier line of permitting some inflation at the outset? If so, will it be disguised, as in wartime, by physical controls? For the moment the government has postponed any budgetary changes. In the current fiscal year (to March, 1951), the extra budget cost of defense will be only 70 million pounds, or $196 million. As the budget was more than balanced before, that sum can be easily scraped together by various economies.

No basic fiscal changes are planned until next April, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to provide at least one billion pounds for defense, or 220 million more than the original 1950-1951 estimate. With full employment and roaring industrial activity, he may reckon to get half of that through higher yields from existing taxes, but the Treasury will make sure that some action is taken then to curb or forestall inflationary pressure.

The question is, what action? This is where politics comes in. Almost certainly elections will be held before April. If they yield a Conservative Government, it will probably stress retrenchment in present expenditures. If Labour is returned, the accent will be on new taxes, particularly taxes that will reassure the workers that business is not making profits out of rearmament.

There is ample room for retrenchment. Even without tackling the government-subsidized food prices at once, or cutting back direct social services, an immediate economy in real re-



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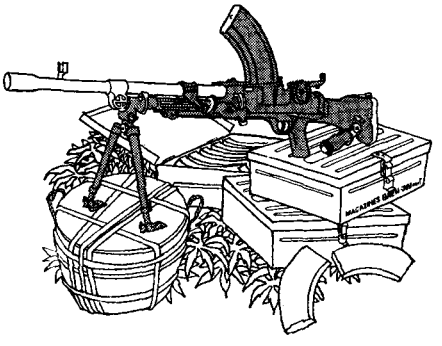
sources could be achieved by cutting the social "investment" program, which takes in, among others, government-subsidized construction of houses, schools, hospitals, and health centers. As for new taxes, it is genuinely hard to impose any new burdens in peacetime which do not either damp incentives or reduce private savings. In both cases they are useless as anti-inflation curbs. Even higher corporation taxes, which are fully expected, must be paid at the expense of reserves, because dividends are frozen. Judging from the past, a Labour budget next April would probably bring some cuts in expenditures, plus new taxes, which would please the party and preserve the balanced budget. But consumer spending will not be seriously checked, and unless U.S. aid is large enough to allow a heavy adverse balance of payments, inflation will gain a firm footing.

As for the industrial structure that will provide the arms, it must be remembered that the impact of defense contracts will not be gradual. It will be either slight or overwhelming. For example, the Austin Motor Company has announced that it is taking a government contract for jeeps without interrupting its car production. Austin happens to have one of the few spare plants in the Birmingham area. But as soon as a car manufacturer gets a contract for an entirely different product, like a tank, he has to run a bulldozer through his plants and start tooling afresh. That is when trouble begins. When shortages mushroom, exports fall, customers bid up prices, and workers push up wages, controls become the last hope of maintaining efficient production. That is the stage which everyone is fervently hoping to avoid. It should be pretty clear by Christmas whether Britain will be able to stop short of it. —RICHARD FRY



# European Report

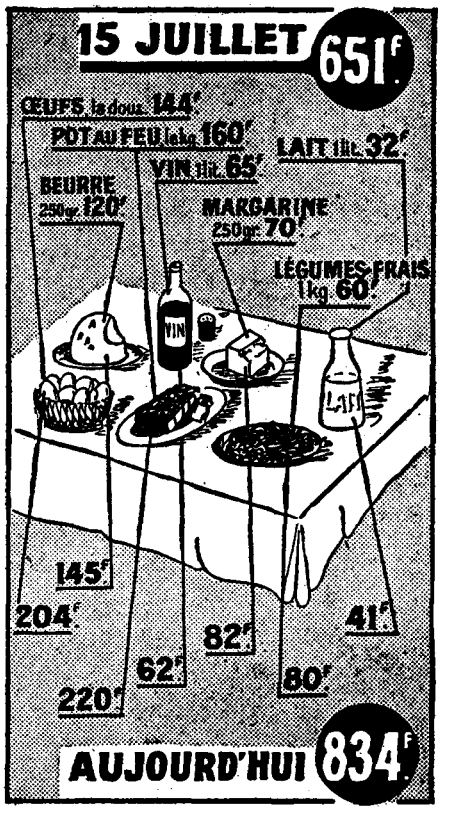
## *The French Communists Lie Low*

The Communists' goal, on orders from the Kremlin, is to keep western Europe in a state of military weakness and political defeatism, which, of course, go hand in hand. Clearly, France is both the military and the political pivot of continental Europe. On France's solidity or weakness depends the fate of the continent.

The No. 1 objective of the Stalinists would logically seem, therefore, to be immediate political sabotage in France. Yet during the latter half of September an unexpected phenomenon occurred: The Communists have gone into action everywhere but in France. France is a zone of calm in the midst of a Europe in tumult. This phenomenon is as striking as the area of total calm at the very center of a raging storm—the well-known "eye of the storm" known to all aviators. Just as meteorology has a rational explanation for this calm, so politics can explain the strange and unnatural silence in France today.

In Italy, social unrest is everywhere, in the north and south alike. On the Adriatic coast, the peasants have embarked upon a new wave of land seizures, this time together with a large number of unemployed. In Milan and the surrounding area, more than ninety per cent of the agricultural workers are on strike, and disruptions are increasing in the mechanical industries. In Rome the rail workers' unions are entering upon lengthy discussions with railroad management concerning maintenance of reduced operating schedules.

In Germany the Communists are opening a large-scale offensive. They chose October 1 for a great demonstration against the western allies in all the industrial centers of western Germany. This demonstration was forbidden by the Bonn Government—which aided




the Communists, who were then able to start a clandestine movement consisting of a series of surprise operations throughout the Ruhr. The action was led by the West German Communist Party, but the shock troops consisted of youth brigades coming secretly from East Germany.

Even in England, where the possibilities of direct Communist action are generally limited, a number of planned sabotage operations have been discovered.

Yet France has been left virtually in peace. The Communists have not only not stirred up social unrest; they seem to be trying to stifle any spontaneous movements that may develop.

When, in the last days of September,



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the managers of the metallurgical industries around Paris openly flouted the labor laws and made anti-labor decisions on wages and reclassifications without even trying to reach a compromise with the unions, the Communists merely sent out word to their followers to wait and remain calm.

So the Communist tactic is to throw a belt of agitation around France, leaving France itself in peace. But, obviously, it is France, in the last analysis, that they must sabotage and paralyze. How is the tactic related to the goal?

The answer is that the Communists are waiting until the time is ripe. After a study of the international situation, they have good reason to think that external forces are working for them, and that the longer they wait, the more favorable the French political climate will be for effective agitation. These are the factors that tend to favor the Communist plan:

*The German problem.* Though the question of Germany — and all the French sensibilities on this point — seemed to be easing six months ago, today it is moving toward a crisis. Six months ago the Schuman plan seemed to offer a basis for Franco-German conciliation and peaceful collaboration. Moreover, the invitation came from France, and the plan seemed capable of protecting French industry from dangerous German competition.

But today the rearmament problem and the debates of the Foreign Ministers at the Waldorf have completely upset the situation. On the one hand, the Schuman plan is seriously compromised, because German industry senses that it is assured of American support for its redevelopment, and therefore no longer feels the need of an understanding with France. On the other hand, Franco-German relations are bound to be dominated again, in one way or another, by the military problem and by disagreements over it, reopening all the old wounds and reviving memories of hate and suffering.

The fault is not that of the United States or of France. No one thinks of German rearmament as desirable, but only as necessary. Actually it is Stalin who is responsible, because of Korea. But the result is the same: The German problem is fast poisoning French political life. For the government will be obliged to collaborate with Germany despite the unprepared state of public opinion, which has been badly irritated by several psychological errors on the part of German leaders.

*The cost of living.* Since the Korean War started, the chain reaction of price rises, from raw materials that must be paid for in sterling to retail items in the Paris stores, has begun again. Since the government had been liberalizing both the internal and the external economy increasingly over the past several months, it was caught flat-footed by this unexpected development.

The direct effect of the price rises may be understood easily from the simple drawing published September 26 in the Paris Communist daily, *L'Humanité,* and reproduced on the opposite page. From the beginning of the Korean War, the war psychosis, the hoarding of raw materials, the speculative operations, and the preparations for reconversion of the economy have resulted directly in a ten to fifteen per cent drop in the living standards of a large number of workers.

Here is another result of the international crisis, basically caused by Stalin, which works out to the benefit of the Stalinists because of internal contradictions within the democracies.

*The fear of war.* The majority of the French people today are convinced that a new general war is inevitable. It is the first time this has been true since the end of the Second World War, and it is the result of the Korean War and of the armaments race brought on by that war. Numerous public-opinion polls have been conducted by private organizations and by political parties, and all have produced the same conclusion: More than half the French people expect a general war.

This fear of war leads not to a will to self-defense but to a spirit of defeatism. It could not be otherwise. When a European, whoever he may be, thinks of being attacked by the formidable Russian Army and atomic bombing, he feels incapable even of attempting action. And who can say he is wrong?

But the problem is not whether this feeling of impotence is justified or not. The real problem is that this fear of total war is unjustified in the present situation. For the real danger for Europe, or at least the most immediate danger, is that of a limited and indirect aggression of the Korean type. The real danger is aggression in Germany within a year, by the East German Army, supported by the international brigades that Marshal Rokossovsky is organizing in Poland, Romania, and Czechoslovakia.

Against this limited danger the effort to arm western Europe can be entirely effective, and therefore defeatism is not justifiable. But, until now, the western governments have made the mistake of focusing public attention on the probability of war with Russia, and the growing European defeatism is the direct consequence of that error.

Such is the third debilitating force now at work in France. The Communists' game is quite clear: For their purposes public opinion must be more and more obsessed with the problems of Germany, poverty, and war, and therefore more and more fearful. For these obsessions to have their full effect there must be no distractions; particularly must the public be lulled into forgetting the Communist danger. Thus the Communist watchwords are calm and patience. Meanwhile the Communists themselves are getting ready for decisive action to undermine national morale when the time is made ripe by external events. Notably, they are waiting for the French electoral campaign, which will open in six months.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

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# Germany: Rearmament And Democracy

FRANKFURT

On May 20, Armed Forces Day, this year, the men who command America's defense team in Germany decided to stage as impressive a demonstration of U.S. military might as possible. It was a critical time; a week later there was to be a Soviet-engineered rally of 500,000 Free German Youth in eastern Berlin, and there had been ominous indications that the rally might touch off a Communist attempt to seize the city. The Armed Forces Day observance, therefore, was to have a very special significance in Germany.

The show went off with split-second precision; jet squadrons ripped the skies; hundreds of tanks and trucks shook the earth. It was as formidable a demonstration as the American military had been able to put on since the surrender was signed in Rheims.

It came as somewhat of a surprise, then, when the press of western Germany gave scant space next day to reports or pictures of the show. Officials on the staff of United States High Commissioner John J. McCloy were especially confounded to find that absolutely no local newsreel coverage had been given the parade.

In some heat, the American film officer put through a telephone call to the director of Welt im Film, the West German newsreel monopoly which had originally been a creation of the British and Americans. "What happened to you?" the American fumed. "Didn't you receive notice of the observance?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "We got an invitation to cover the demonstration. But you see," and the voice was solemn, "we thought it must have been a mistake. We thought you wouldn't want us to make newsreels of such military spectacles. For five years, you told us we must not film anything which might inflame the martial spirit of the Germans. We did not know you had changed your mind."

By itself, of course, this ironic little contretemps would be of no world-shaking importance. Yet it serves to bring into clear focus the sudden, drastic shift in the pattern of Allied occupation during the past few months.

At Yalta and Potsdam, in directives to Eisenhower and Lucius D. Clay, "demilitarization" of the Germans was set forth as *the* major objective of the occupation. For five years, the western Allies had been preaching German disarmament. That was why German factories were dismantled, why German generals, one way or another, were taken out of circulation, why a Military Security Board was created and the police decentralized, and why, for a long time, Germans were prohibited even from owning or using guns for hunting in their forests.

Then came Korea.

The West examined its defenses and found them impossibly weak. It cast around for new sources of strength, and inevitably the name of Germany was mentioned. True, it was not the first time that German rearmament had been suggested, but before Korea such suggestions were tentative and seemed somehow immoral. Now that taint has almost disappeared. The great names of Europe—including those of France—have come out for German participation in a western European army. This became the keynote of this year's Council of Europe meeting at Strasbourg.

Abandoning the goal of German disarmament has, inevitably, meant at least partially abandoning de-Nazi-

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fication (which had been dying a lingering death anyway), decentralization, decartelization, and democratization.

In the first place, one of the little-publicized results of Communist aggression in Korea has been a secret American declaration of psychological warfare against the Soviet Union. Directives from Washington to McCloy's Frankfurt headquarters have ordered waging of that psychological warfare by all legitimate methods. With the primary energies of the High Commission directed at this purpose, there has been little time or emphasis left for the earlier objectives.

In the second place, as American representatives here point out, it makes no sense to continue vigorous efforts to "reorient" a people—thereby demonstrating you believe they are not yet political adults—while you sue for their full allegiance to your cause.

To be sure, there has been no formal abandonment of the American "reorientation" program. The United States is still running its powerful radio station in Berlin and still beaming its Voice of America programs over German stations in the U.S. Zone; it is still publishing its daily newspaper, its weekly and monthly magazines; it is still sending out over the teletype and through the German mails its own news and feature service—more than one million words of information and propaganda a month.

Yet these projects only peck at the broad problem of "reorientation." And today even this marginal impact is being devoted more to the new psychological warfare than to the original ends.

Nor is it only that the western Allies have been compelled to understate or obscure the original objectives of occupation. There are those, like the director of Welt im Film, who hoist the western Allies with their own petard. Over and over today, German editorialists write, "Why is the German reluctant to rearm? Because the reorientation program of the western powers has been *too* effective, more effective than they now relish."

There are also those who are honestly confused. "For five years you told us, without qualification, that we Germans could achieve democracy only through total demilitarization. Now you begin to tell us we must remilitarize. Are we still to accept the other ideas you taught along with demilitarization?" That is the way a young Frankfurt newspaperman put it to the writer.

Ill-advised and ill-timed western actions have compounded the confusion. Just as spokesmen for the High Commission were making it clear the West would no longer look with disfavor on an "appropriate" method of German rearmament, other spokesmen for the U.S. Army announced the release—long before the expiration of their prison terms—of a group of convicted Nazi war criminals.

*Der Stern,* one of West Germany's most widely circulated illustrated weeklies, devoted a page of pictures and text to an examination of U. S. countermeasures to North Korean infiltration and guerrilla tactics under the headline WAS WHAT MANNSTEIN DID ANY DIFFERENT? It then attempted to justify the record of Field Marshal Erich von Mannstein, sentenced last December by a British court to eighteen years in prison for responsibility in the mass slaughter of Russian civilians and partisans. "Scarcely half a year after [the judgment against Mannstein], the victors of yesterday face in Korea for the first time the evil Bolshevist partisan terror," the magazine declared. "And the U.S. military authorities, who refuse to have their soldiers butchered treacherously, do the only possible thing: They give the order to . . . regard all civilians in the fighting areas as enemy troops and to fire on them. We don't know Korea. Nevertheless we believe such measures justified. And we do know war as it was on the Eastern Front. We ask, therefore, 'Was what Mannstein did any different?' "

This piece was shown me by an angry American official, who also pointed out a picture captioned "Politically suspect [South Koreans] being hustled off to concentration camps." Concentration camps! I asked the official what action he proposed to take. He hesitated: "Cuss, I suppose."

His answer points up the final major effect that the recommendations for German rearmament have had. Inevitably, they have led to speedy relaxation of Allied authority. The West has let the Germans know it needs German strength; the Germans have let the West know they expect a great deal of sovereignty in exchange. A new "D"—decontrol—bids fair to replace the old objectives.

A graphic instance of decontrol was afforded when Herr Doktor Walter Bartram was named by a right-wing coalition to be Minister-President of the state of Schleswig-Holstein. Herr

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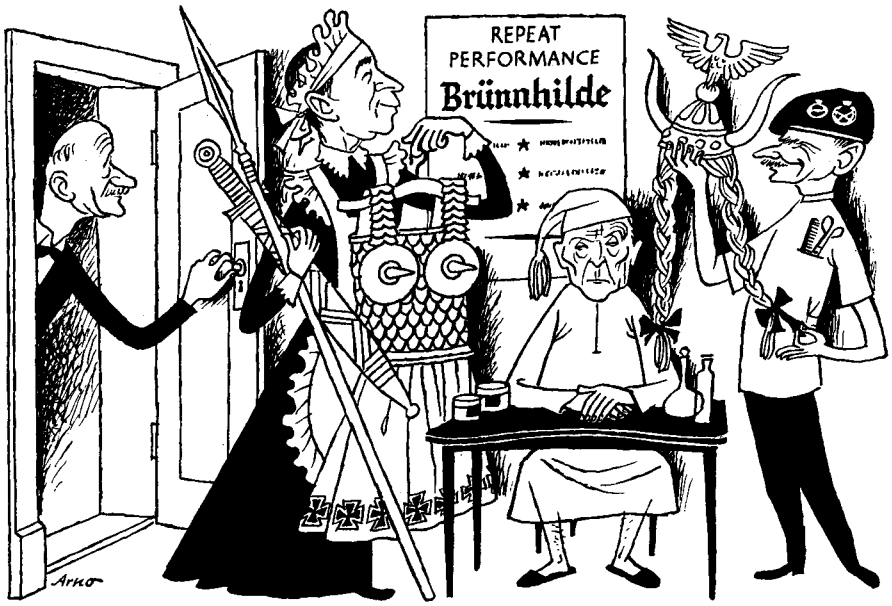


Bartram is a prominent industrialist, a skilled horseman—and also an early member of the National Socialist Party, who in 1934 was quoted as thanking God for sending Hitler to the German people. This is not the first time an erstwhile Nazi has returned to public life; it is, however, the first time one has been named chief executive of a West German state.

Six months ago, the Allies would have forced Bartram out of office. Today, it seems unlikely any measures at all will be taken.

In the effort to push forward toward armed German partnership, the western Allies have already indicated to the German government that it will be granted a Foreign Office and that German representatives will be authorized to take an independent seat in European councils. American representatives here admit that further radical concessions of Allied authority in German internal affairs will swiftly follow. The hitherto "reserved powers"—authority over the Ruhr, over restitutions and reparations, over decartelization and deconcentration of industry, over displaced persons and refugees, over trade and exchange—are certain to be circumscribed and in many cases eliminated.

Allied rules and regulations curbing and controlling a great many phases of West German industrial production are still on the books. The Military Security Board is supposed to enforce those controls. However, even today the board takes a tolerant view of such industrial activities as the production of Ruhr steel beyond the legal limits, which in the past would have produced prompt and stern punitive action. And in the very near future it seems sure that the curbs will be formally removed.

The questions may be raised—are, in fact, being raised by many anxious U.S. officials—whether it is not still unsafe to lift the controls and whether it is not still premature to give up the original objectives of the conquerors. Only one of these goals had been reached—West Germany had been demilitarized. It has not yet been decartelized, de-Nazified, or thoroughly democratized.

Commissioner McCloy, in his latest report to Washington, noted that although the Adenauer Government was faced with vast problems of unemployment, housing, and refugees, "none of these problems was dealt with by the Government with the determination and vigor they merited," and that "while all the problems are inherently German responsibilities, Germans are prone to claim that satisfactory solutions depend on a number of factors beyond their control."

The German people themselves are still deeply apathetic toward their government and have not yet accepted the sense of civic responsibility which must go with democratic citizenship. There is no evidence that they have undergone the psychological revolution which would enable them to reject a Führer state. What inconclusive evidence there is points to the contrary: The latest official U. S. study of trends in German public opinion indicates that only thirty per cent of the people thought National Socialism definitely a "bad idea." It showed, too, that a third of the Germans still clung to Nazi racist notions.

Most Americans here are gloomily aware of all this. No U.S. official would venture to say the initial tasks of the occupation have been successfully completed. Yet the majority are disposed to believe it was inevitable that those objectives had to be sacrificed to the more urgent aim of winning Germany to the West.

For their careful plans and programs, the western Allies have had today to substitute the hope—and it is, admittedly, only a hope—that the people of West Germany, on their own, may carry through some of the needed democratic reforms.

They can only hope the Germans will accept the credo of their President, Theodor Heuss, who declared, a few weeks ago at ceremonies commemorating the first anniversary of the Federal German Republic:

"Not glory or revenge, but the will to live, is our aim. We have seen death ride over our country: We ourselves have brought death to many lands. We recognize that Germany can no longer be numbered among the most powerful nations of the world. We need the others; the others need us.

"We need equality of rights so that we may help to form a new Europe. We strive for our sovereignty, not in order to achieve formal independence, but so we may renounce that sovereignty again out of free conviction and free will, so that we may offer it to a grander conception."

If the West Germans are to achieve this lofty aim, if indeed they are to achieve any of the goals of Allied occupation, they must do so on their own. Faced with the ugly realities of world *Machtpolitik,* the United States, Britain, and France are today relinquishing the mission and the power of the conqueror. They are turning them over to the people whom, so short a time ago and at such grim and harrowing cost, they conquered.

—Ernest Leiser



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# What Makes G.I.'s Fight?

Browned off and bewildered, the G.I. in Korea wound up and let the reporter have it. "The recruiting posters," he muttered, "didn't say anything about this. I'll fight for my country, but damned if I see why I'm fighting to save this hellhole."

With slight alterations in language, this complaint has been aired in nearly every war the United States has fought; and the government, invariably taken aback, has invariably responded as it is responding today, with renewed efforts to drum into the combat soldier's consciousness its august aims. The assumptions upon which it proceeds are as plausible as they are, to date, unproven—that better information will create better attitudes toward the war, and that better attitudes will bring a greater willingness to endure.

Such a belief—like the parallel faith among Protestants in the power of preaching—has an honorable history and no lack of eminent sponsors. From the moment that General Washington took command of the Continental militia, he instructed his staff "to impress upon the mind of every man, from the first to the lowest, the importance of the cause, and what it is they are contending for." When, nevertheless, the "summer soldier and the sunshine patriot" faded from the ranks and left our revolutionary fortunes at their lowest ebb, Washington only redoubled his attempts at indoctrination, calling upon Thomas Paine for a pamphlet series that would put the starch back into his men. The fact that, a week after publication of *The Crisis,* Washington's troops broke the winter stalemate and took Trenton provided the kind of presumptive cause and effect with which subsequent morale boosters have not always been blessed.

Where the causal relation could not be pinned down, it was at least claimed. General Andrew Jackson, who tried to educate his troops through his division orders, ascribed his victory at New Orleans less to the guns of the pirate Lafitte than to the fact that the troops had "willed themselves to be free."

During the Civil War the Unitarians, discovering that the Federals had no great enthusiasm for getting shot, blanketed them with 900,000 copies of the *Army Series,* each issue of which had "some reference to the reasons why the men were fighting." Commenting on such ventures, *The Army and Navy Journal* politely concluded: "The emergence of a true understanding of

why they were fighting and what was at stake in the war was an important factor in the new spirit evinced by the Union soldiers, while the utter lack of understanding of what they were fighting for, other than to uphold the property of the slave-holders, had much to do with the collapse of the morale of the Confederate soldiers."

During the First World War the Army set up a Morale Branch headed by Major General Edward L. Munson, inventor of the Munson shoe last. Under Munson were developed the standard procedures of "orientation," which have since received all the elaboration that a generation of public-relations men can give them: the War Issues course, the discussion group, the posters, the pamphlets, the papers, the explanations of military discipline and military traditions. The whole business was shelved during the 1920's; but it re-emerged, full blown, in the Second World War.

At the moment, the G.I. is catching it again, hot and heavy, from a unified dispensing agency known as the Armed Forces Information and Education Division. With a budget of $4.5 million, I. & E. pours its materials in lavish style into the hands of commanding officers in all three services. It prints 95,000 copies a week of *Armed Forces Talk,* a discussion guide for unit leaders on global issues of the day. It runs fifty-two radio stations all over the world. It cranks out film documentaries on Communism, overseas duty, combat problems, the nature of the enemy, and the like. It whips out daily clip sheets to some 370 service-unit papers, with precut stencils, standing heads, and editorial guides. It provides the usual posters and news maps, distributes pocket guides to such interesting if uncomfortable places as Germany, Japan, and Korea, and is tooling up for a sally into the field of comic books, on the basis of a survey showing that ninety to ninety-five per cent of the men read at least seven of them each month.

Two things should be noted about this varied and voluminous output: Its quality is remarkably high, but its handling leaves much to be desired. The understanding of democracy, the fair-mindedness of its approach to any issue, and the appreciation of basic



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realities underlying our foreign policy manifested in I. & E.'s publications are so far above the general level of the nation's press as to merit both cheers and astonishment. Its manner of presentation, moreover, is professional: jaunty where possible, sober where need be, straightforward always.

Unfortunately, however, I. & E. has little control over the use to which the services put its material. Until recently, the decision as to whether, for example, Troop Information Hours should be held each week with attendance compulsory was left up to the theater commanders. Some went for the program; others cold-shouldered it. The Navy still restricts its information hours to off-duty periods and keeps them on a voluntary basis. The Air Force allows the program to trespass on duty time, but leaves it up to commanders whether their men must attend.

The provision of trained personnel to handle discussion groups is similarly haphazard. Some Army commands see to it that their information hours are led by lieutenants specially trained by I. & E. (and I. & E., it can be noted, turns out some very deft operators); other commands let any noncom or even Pfc. take over if he happens to feel the spirit move him, or hand out the assignment as a chore comparable to K.P. (At one such meeting, a sergeant read his men the entire I. & E. weekly leaflet in a straight monotone—including all the italicized tips to the discussion leader.) The Air Force and the Navy together train only one-third as many men in I. & E. work as does the Army.

The widely publicized gripes of the G.I.'s in Korea have already bestirred the Pentagon, and some overhauling of I. & E. may be on the way. Chief of Staff General J. Lawton Collins has just issued a directive making attendance at Troop Information Hours compulsory for all ranks. The orientation program for troops at embarkation points has been stepped up; they now get four hours of intensive going over on these subjects: "The fighting soldier as our primary weapon of war; reasons why we are involved in the conflict; nature and potential of the enemy; the people on our side; developments in the conflict to date."

The titles are dry; the meat of this course is not. It calls upon auditory and audio-visual aids; far more important, it plunges without equivocation into what the soldier is thinking about, what he fears, what he hopes for, what he will meet at the front. It is hard to imagine a better preparation for combat—in so far as words can do the job. The Second Division got this briefing before it sailed from this country for Pusan; it is the more regrettable that the course wasn't ready and available for the occupation troops that headed so innocently into hell from Japan. Two weeks after the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel, I. & E. brought out its excellent *Armed Forces Talk* on Korea, airmailed a copy to Japan before it had even been printed, and arranged to have the *Stars and Stripes* quote it in full. It was quick work, but not quick enough. By way of apology, one I. & E. colonel growled: "Sure, we got taken by surprise. Hell's bells, who didn't?"

I. & E. is unlikely to get caught off base again, and the Joint Chiefs (whose chairman, General Omar Bradley, backs I. & E. to the hilt) will doubtless see to it that orientation work in all three services obtains a higher, not a lower, priority—particularly in

view of Mr. Truman's recent decision to draft enough recruits to double our armed forces. If in the future any G.I. gets to the front without knowing in detail why he is there, it won't be for lack of being told and retold.

There's just one little hitch. Nobody has yet demonstrated convincingly that a soldier will fight better or hold out longer just because he is better informed.

Admittedly, this is heresy. But it is heresy that has received its most substantial confirmation from the most embarrassing of sources: the Research Branch of I. & E. itself. In a succession of massive studies of the American soldier, the branch's sociologists have tried with all the ingenuity of their craft to pin down the facts. Here is what they found:

1. *You can't change attitudes just by dispensing better information.* During the last war, I. & E. turned out a series of films on *Why We Fight,* designed (and very competently executed) to indoctrinate members of the armed forces on the events leading up to our entry into the war. You may remember them: *The Battle of Britain, Prelude to War* (which won an Oscar), *The Nazis Strike,* and *Divide and Conquer.* Exhaustively questioning thousands of men before and after they saw the movies, and cross-checking their replies against men of similar background who had not seen the movies, the branch reported:

"The films had marked effects on the men's knowledge of factual material concerning the events leading up to the war . . .

"The films had only a very few effects on opinion items of a more general nature that had been prepared independently of film content, but which were considered the criteria for determining the effectiveness of the films in achieving their orientation objectives . . .

"The films had no effects on items prepared for the purpose of measuring effects on the men's motivation to serve as soldiers, which was considered the ultimate objective of the orientation program."

2. *In any event, appreciation of war aims plays a barely discernible role in motivating men to fight well or long.* To test this, branch researchers queried enlisted veterans of two Mediterranean campaigns, as well as company-grade officers of divisions that served in the European and in the Pacific theaters. The G.I.'s were asked: "Generally, from your combat experience, what was most important to you in making you want to keep going and do as well as you could?" The biggest batch of answers, thirty-nine per cent, fell under the heading of ending the task. Only five per cent of the men mentioned idealistic reasons, and only two per cent ascribed their motivation to hatred of the enemy. When the officers were asked: "When the going is



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tough for your men, what do you think are the incentives which keep them fighting?", only two per cent put down idealistic reasons.

Checking it another way, I. & E. researchers asked 255 company-grade officers in the Mediterranean sector which thoughts "helped them a lot" when things got rough: a desire not to let the other men down (eighty-one of them checked this); prayer (fifty-seven); determination to finish the job and get home (forty); hatred of the enemy (twenty-one); remembrance of what they were fighting for (nineteen).

One veteran put it bluntly. Asked "What are we fighting for?", he grunted: "Ask any dogface on the line. You're fighting for your skin on the line. When I enlisted I was patriotic as all hell. There's no patriotism on the line. A boy up there sixty days in the line is in danger every minute. He ain't fighting for patriotism."

Confronted with its own facts, I. & E. concedes that its program, centered around the question of the war's objectives, can't deal squarely with the motivations that the men themselves deem all-important. It can't help the men pray; it can't make them yearn for the end of the war any more intensely than they do; it can't—at least by talking or writing at them or showing them pictures—strengthen significantly their loyalty to their comrades or their confidence in their combat skill and stamina; it can't provide a substitute for leadership.

What I. & E. does maintain is that convictions about the worthwhileness of his cause play a bigger part than the self-conscious G.I. will ever admit to any interviewer—or to himself. The reason that such convictions don't show up better in questionnaires is also the best indication that they exist; they are so deeply implanted that they're taken for granted by the soldier himself.

In the words of one crusty I. & E. officer: "When a guy's in a shell hole, with the bullets zipping overhead, and the word comes to attack, he has to put his hands down and just shove himself away from that good earth. What makes him shove? A lot of things. Convictions are only one of them, one small cog in the mechanism that gets him to his feet. It's a cog most people don't pay much attention to—as long as it's there. But suppose that cog was missing? You'd hear an empty click, click, click, and the guy would still be stalled there on his belly."

Maybe so. The question which perturbs some observers of I. & E.'s efforts, however, is this: Can we any longer rely upon such essentially passive, latent, half-ashamed convictions? They were adequate to motivate the American armies of the Second World War; but only because, by and large, the G.I. could depend upon the supporting weight of superior matériel, superior manpower. This is no slur upon the G.I.'s courage; it may even be a tribute to his good sense. But the fact is that enemy intelligence rated the American dogface as stubborn on defense and unaggressive on offense—at least until the "build-up" had given the American forces an overpowering edge in men and munitions.

In any large-scale war with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, however, it seems highly unlikely that we would be blessed with such advantages. We would face a numerically superior foe who, through the use of interior lines of communication, probably could muster at least equal firepower at any continental point we chose to contest. In such a struggle we may well question the adequacy of a will to fight based primarily upon such essentially negative considerations as a desire to get home or not to let the gang down.

But what other morale models have we? The Nazi and Communist prototypes are of little relevance to us. We have no national yearning for Valhalla, nor are we fit for fanaticism on such a primitive level.

A pertinent instance is, perhaps, the extraordinary achievement of the late Brigadier General Evans F. Carlson, U.S.M.C., creator and leader of Carlson's Raiders, the tough, tightly knit unit that overran Makin Island and conducted spectacular forays behind the Japanese lines on Guadalcanal. The Raiders' watchword was "Gung ho!"—work in harmony. Their basic principles called for equality of hardships between officers and men; full understanding of common objectives; pride in group achievements, group discipline, group sacrifices, together with training for individual self-sufficiency in a pinch.

There's little question that Carlson got results in terms of high morale and combat efficiency. Whether the techniques he championed are readily transferable to the mass of military manpower, however, is something else again. The Marine generals thought



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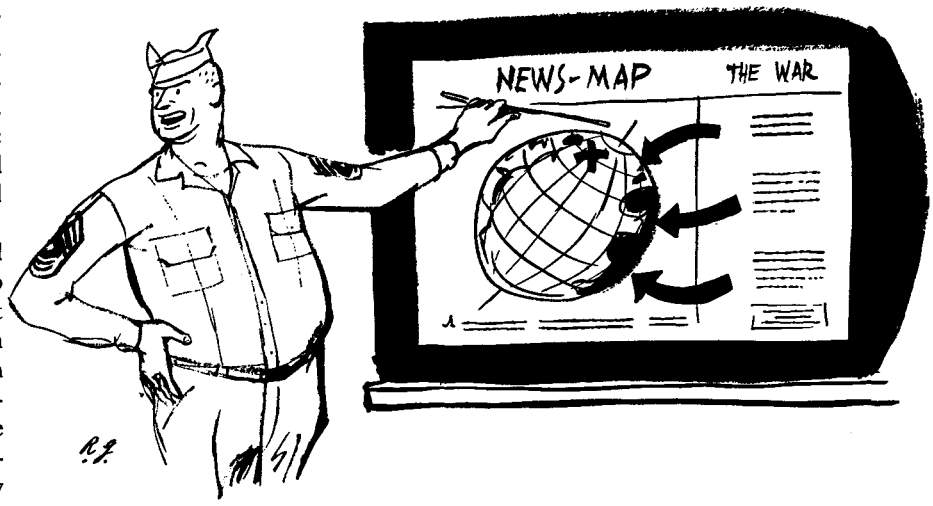
not: Before the war was over, they dissolved the Raiders. Their unspoken premise seemed to be that Carlson had obtained his results less by any "ethical indoctrination" than by the magnetic power of his unique personality and by virtue of having strenuously sifted from the corps its fightingest men.

Such criticism cannot be brushed aside. Yet there is still something to be learned from Carlson's experiment with his brigade. For the factor which distinguishes his type of indoctrination from that of I. & E.—and which accounts for the lasting impression he made on his men and on the imagination of his times—is that he taught by example more than by precept. He thought it was vain to exhort men to defend democracy if they were enmeshed in a military caste system, vain to expect extraordinary efforts from any group that had not lived and shared the values for which they were asked to fight. He liked and respected words, but he concluded that they were not going to have much effect on battle attitudes unless they were backed up by actions. To remake his men, he remade his brigade.

The cold turkey of it would seem to be that under the conventional officer-enlisted man relationship, any form of indoctrination from above is going to rattle off the G.I.'s head like buckshot off a tin roof. He will accept such preachment placidly, and with some gratitude for a breather between drills and ditch-digging, but he will pay no less, and no more, attention to it than he did to Miss Grumpelhof's dissertations on chivalry back in the ninth grade.

Why? Because all the oratory about group aims will have no reality to him if he lacks a strong sense of belonging to that group, of being implicated in its fate, of being in some measure responsible for its success or failure. Conversely, if he has identified himself wholeheartedly with a given outfit, he'll have a more natural interest in finding out what that outfit is fighting for—if the outfit knows. And should he discover that the group does hold in common certain objectives and motivations, these shared convictions will lose their abstractness and take on a new emotional meaning to him. But the one is a precondition of the other.

There is nothing very esoteric about




all this. Over the past decade a number of American business firms—McCormick & Company of Baltimore, manufacturer of food and chemical products, is a notable example—have put into practice schemes of employee participation in the functions of management at various levels of operation, and have found themselves tapping an unexpectedly rich lode of creative ideas, of loyalty, and of outright productivity. The common denominator of all such programs has been the achievement of a deep identification by the individual worker of his interests with those of the group, an acceptance of discipline as a means to a desired and understood end, and a sense of fulfillment and self-respect in having contributed his utmost.

Can you get such a feeling in a military unit? Well, Carlson did. So has every topnotch unit in history. The older name for it is *esprit de corps*. The question is how to get the *maximum* potential. Here the factor to remember, the one Carlson never forgot, is that one act is worth a thousand words. He loved to spiel about democracy, but what his troops learned first and recalled longest was such a thing as this: that Carlson—and his officers—took their turns in the same chow line in the same mud under the same rain as the enlisted men.

The Armed Forces have already done much, and may yet do more, to meet Carlson's concepts halfway. They have whittled down the areas of racial discrimination; they have tried to give the G.I. a better break in courts martial; they have opened up avenues of advancement from the ranks. But in terms of the techniques already devised and tested by our sociologists and psychologists, it's apparent that the military have only scratched the surface of the resources latent in group dynamics.

Two fallacies in particular have held them back. One is the fatal illusion of all word wielders such as I. & E., no matter how sincere they may be, that if only the slogans can be more pungently phrased, or if only the "message" can be more coyly packaged (as in a comic book), the void of conviction will at last be filled and a fighting faith established. The other error is dissimilar, yet in effect complementary. It is the belief that we don't need anything by way of motivation which we didn't have in the last war or its illustrious predecessors. The crusher here is, "Well, we won, didn't we?"

We won. Nationally speaking, we came down upon our enemy like the fat lady collapsing on the circus midget. Individually speaking, at many fronts and for many men, the going was bitterly tough. But of one thing we can be reasonably certain: It would be even tougher for more men at more fronts next time. To sustain them, they would need more than pamphlets and platitudes. They would need more, even, than the memory of Mom's huckleberry pies or the assurance of advertising men that Main Street will be kept just the same. They will need the hour-to-hour consciousness of belonging to a group in which they have status and worth, whose purposes are their purposes, whose values are their values, made real by being lived.

—Beverley Bowie



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# Frozen Foods:

# From the Eskimo to Bing Crosby

Seven years from now, fifty cents out of every dollar the American people spend on eating will go for frozen foods. At least this is the prediction of the frozen-food industry's optimists, who could, of course, be bedazzled by their own dreams, which are based on the assumption that the present year-by-year increase in the use of frozen foods will continue unchecked. Seven years hence the national food bill will, it is estimated, amount to $50 billion. The take of the frozen-food industry would therefore be roughly $25 billion —certainly a sum conducive to dreams.

In 1950 the sale of frozen foods, paced by orange-juice concentrate, which accounts for about twenty per cent of the total volume, will exceed $1 billion. Florida's citrus growers have been lifted from chronic depression into almost delirious prosperity. A crate of oranges that sold for $2.48 four years ago was fetching $5.48 at the processor's gate until last May, when the frozen-food packers warned the orange growers they were charging more than the traffic would bear and batted the delivered price down somewhat for the forthcoming fall-and-winter crop.

No other new industry, not even resoundingly publicized television, has matched the expansion of frozen foods since the war, or altered quite so drastically old methods in production, transportation, and distribution.

The new foods are rapidly transforming the modes and mores of the American kitchen. They have abolished the housewife's dependence on the seasonal cycle—strawberries in July, corn on the cob in August, pumpkin in October, oysters in the "R" months, and turkeys in late fall and winter. All these and numerous other edibles now reach the table the year around, lending

Wide World

*Clarence Birdseye*

variety and balance to the American family's diet.

Frozen foods surpass even the washing machine and vacuum cleaner in the amount of time and labor they save the housewife, especially in view of today's lack of domestic help. No longer does she need twenty minutes for shelling peas, half an hour for singeing and otherwise readying a roasting chicken for the oven. It takes up to twenty-two minutes to cook ordinary peas, but only five for the frozen type, and similar ratios apply for other vegetables. A week's supply of vegetables for a family of four can be stacked in the area occupied by two ice trays in the ordinary refrigerator. This reduces marketing hours, which are still further cut down by the country's 1.25 million home deep-freeze cabinets. The cabinets' wider adoption is retarded only by lack of space in modern dwellings and their rather steep prices—$249 for a six-cubic-foot model and $725 for a thirty-footer. They occupy such a relatively vast expanse in a city apartment that it has been suggested that they be encased in Louis XIV or Chippendale furniture shells.

They enable the owner to load up, in a single trip to the butcher, with roasts, poultry, steaks, kidneys—the whole list, fresh or frozen—dump them in the freezer, and forget about them for several weeks. Food for a month or longer can be ordered in a few minutes over the phone in the cities that have home-delivery services working from the frozen-foods sections of department stores or from frozen-food specialty shops.

"Even granting all this," says one gourmet, "my objection to frozen foods and home freezers is that they accentuate an unfortunate trend—that is, they put the accent on less time, less care, less thought, rather than more, in planning and preparing the meal. I concede that frozen foods are first-rate, but I would like to see them sold on the basis of saving time that can be devoted to improving cookery with wine sauces and herbs. To put effort into cooking well, or even capably, is a civilized pursuit. It's an act of craftsmanship that could be more rewarding to the housewife than using her frozen-food leisure to listen to another soap opera or to play canasta."

But there are few such dissenting voices. In a recent survey, a sampling that presumably covered some five million American housewives, forty-one per cent affirmed that they preferred frozen foods to either fresh or canned for reasons of convenience (no shuck-



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Acme Photos

*Sorting French-fried potatoes for size . . . and a package-filling conveyor*

ing, cleaning, disposal of waste); twenty-one per cent for flavor; seventeen per cent for superior quality; and the rest for economy.

Today frozen foods carry all the impact of revolution to six million farmers, 981 processing plants, more than 150 makers of freezing cabinets, and to the nation's grocers, railroaders, and warehousemen.

In the field, agronomists experiment with layers of lime to neutralize soil acidity and thus improve the freeze flavor of peas. In the laboratory, biochemists and research engineers vary temperatures from minus 35 to minus 275 Fahrenheit to determine how best to keep down the bacteria count in lima beans, broccoli, and asparagus; to arrest the growth of molds and yeasts in strawberries, veal, and pork; and to prevent the loss of a single vitamin. Also present may be two intricate new devices inspired by frozen-foods needs: the spectrophotometer, which measures color content a thousand per cent more accurately than the human eye, and the succulometer, which is similarly sensitive to tenderness. In scale model is still another device: the tastometer, which threatens the professional taster with technological unemployment.

At drawing boards, designers of packaging, of freezing equipment and showcases, of trucks and refrigerated rail cars still are searching for more effective ways to "keep it cold." In the Midwest, farm co-operatives ponder whether or not to shift their operations into frozen foods, to which supermarkets devote ever more display space. Along the West Coast, the AFL Butchers Union, fearful of layoffs, has protested against the sale of frozen meats by delicatessens and other outlets open evenings and holidays. In Philadelphia a frozen-foods automat is thriving. In Hamilton, Ontario, frozen "Bundles for Britain" are a marked success, especially with Britons who receive them.

Despite all this activity and apparent consumer acceptance, however, the frozen-food industry still has many major obstacles to overcome.

To be sure, the variety of frozen foods now available ranges from *pizza* to chow mein, from crêpes Suzette to shrimp creole—461 different viands on the market, out of 1,345 that have been "test-frozen." On the other hand, food technicians have still not been able to freeze-preserve cantaloupes, lettuce, cress, endive, or green peppers. All these are still best consumed in the raw. So too are artichokes, onions, white potatoes, pumpkins, pears, grapes, and clingstone peaches. Cheese tends to dry out swiftly when thawed. Eggs frozen with the shells on will crack when thawed, with yolks and whites forming a gummy, sodden paste. Lemon sole is tricky. It can be effectively marketed only when the fish are taken from the late-summer catch; in the spring they contain so much iodine that they smell like a doctor's office.

Nevertheless, the number of frozen foods on sale continues to multiply, even though the number of brands doesn't. Under the rigors of competition, the latter have declined from 1,150 to 500 during the past thirty-six months. On the whole, this has been a healthy development. Too many would-be packers, lured by the El Dorado of frozen foods, thought that some capital and the ability to read a thermometer were about the only requirements for getting into the business. For a time some very dismal products appeared, and they impaired public confidence. Now, however, the industry has been shaken down to survivors who are very responsible indeed; all of them are working hard with the Department of Agriculture and its Pure Food and Drug Administration to establish and extend standards and grading for what, in the trade, is known as the "cold pack."

While the frozen-food business is immensely profitable and can doubtless become even more so, it is also immensely demanding. It requires far-reaching controls in quality and in



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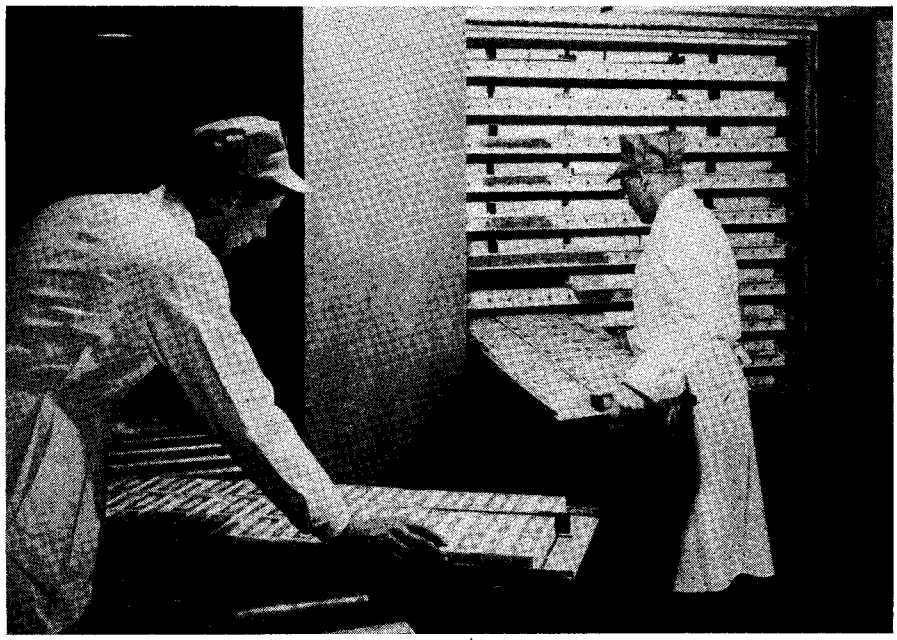

Ben Schnall

*Packaged food goes into the freezer*

costs, in techniques and the use of skills, along every step of the way.

It all began in 1912 with a discovery by Clarence Birdseye. That discovery was in large measure a result of Birdseye's many-sided personality, at once eccentric and egocentric, and marked by a curiosity almost cosmic. Descended from a long line of New Englanders, he is what is called a "character" in the lexicon of the town meeting. In his blood run Yankee ingenuity (he has patented two hundred separate inventions), a taste for adventure in far places (at sixty-three he still goes whaling in the North Atlantic, using a "buckless" harpoon gun he whipped up one dull Sunday afternoon), and no great unwillingness to turn a penny. It was perhaps the confluence of all these traits which thirty-eight years ago sent him to Labrador on a fur-buying expedition for the sable and marten then enjoying a vogue in New York and Boston. While camping out for five years among the Eskimos, he verified their tales about fish and caribou meat which, when exposed to Arctic air at around forty below zero, was fresh and tender when thawed and cooked several months later.

Birdseye, who at Amherst was known as "Bugs" for his palpitant absorption in chemistry, botany, paleontology, mammalogy, ornithology, and other such scientific pursuits, remembered that merely to freeze a food at zero, or slightly above it, would not enable it to retain its natural flavor and texture. He reasoned that the secret in retaining both was the speed of the freezing process—a speed which could be achieved only at extremely low temperatures.

Back home in Gloucester, after vainly trying to persuade Food Administrator Herbert Hoover to let him try quick-freezing of Newfoundland seal meat to be sent to the destitute peoples of Europe and the Near East, Birdseye conducted his decisive experiments in quick-freezing. It was typical of him that he combined his Labrador observations with the study of monographs by Max Planck and other European scientists who had pioneered in quick-freezing theory, and even constructed crude apparatus for use in their own laboratories.

Certainly Birdseye's own "Multiplate Quick Freeze" machine was crude enough. It consisted of a new garbage can of corrugated iron containing a layer of steel plates, and fitted with coils through which passed a refrigerant of sodium chloride brine. Fillets of codfish and rabbit meat were placed between the plates, frozen at forty below, and kept there for five weeks. When thawed and panned, they were as tasty and fresh as from game bag or net, in contrast to similar batches of fillets which concurrently had been frozen at zero and which, when thawed, were stale and tough.

What Birdseye had proved was that the faster a food can be frozen at "deep" temperatures of around minus forty degrees Fahrenheit, the less chance there is of forming the large ice crystals of the slow "high" freezing of zero Fahrenheit or a few degrees above. It is these ice crystals that tear down cellular walls and tissues, leaving gaps through which escape the natural juices, nutriment, and flavor. In a halibut, for example, the ice crystals under slow freezing can be the size of a thick lead pencil, but under quick freezing they become the size of a string of tiny seed pearls, leaving walls and tissues intact.

Heartened by his findings, Birdseye in 1924 sought to quick-freeze fish, oysters, mussels, lobster, and shrimp commercially, first in Gloucester and then in New York, but public reaction was mixed, and mainly unfavorable. The very term "frozen" in those days connoted the unfresh and second-rate, and Birdseye went broke. He borrowed $2,250 on his life-insurance policy, tried again, and acquired some backers, who in 1927 put up $375,000, while Birdseye added spinach and asparagus to his line of products. The line caught on a year later. It caught on sufficiently to interest the Postum Company, forerunner of today's General Foods, which in 1929 paid Birdseye's company $22 million for his "multiplate" patent and other assets.

While the deal was pending, Marjorie Post Davies, who had inherited from her father the majority stock of Postum, asked Clarence Francis, a company vice-president, whether Birdseye was a dependable man with whom to do business. Francis, who had been a classmate of Birdseye's at Amherst, promptly replied: "Bugs? Why, sure. He's completely crazy but completely reliable."

Birdseye was retained as consultant for the Birds Eye-Snider division of General Foods, which at present is doing about forty per cent of the retail frozen-foods business in the country. Such runners-up as Honor Brand (Stokely-Van Camp), Pratt's, Snow Crop (owned by Clinton Industries, Inc.), and others provide stiff com-



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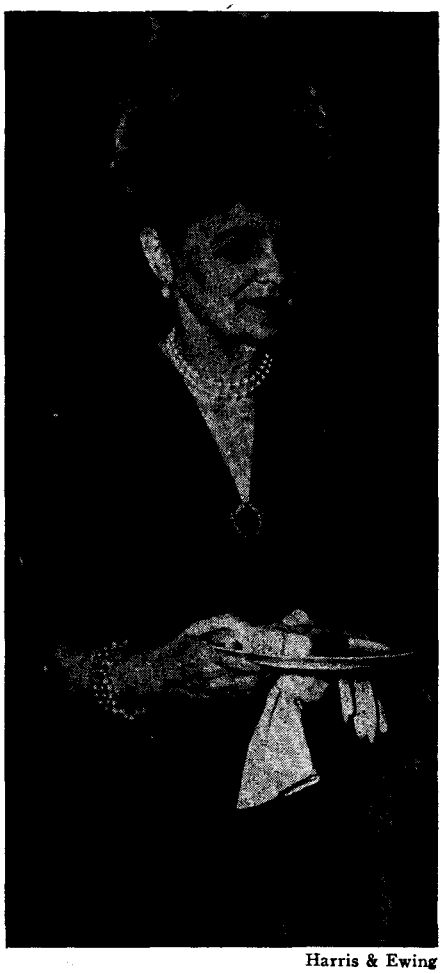
petition. For several reasons, the ability to shave costs has become increasingly important: A profit of an extra penny on the wholesaler's fifteen per cent markup and the retailer's twenty per cent can be decisive in what brands are pushed; a strenuous price war is being waged against frozen foods by many suppliers of canned goods and fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats; frozen foods are as yet a table habit of only the upper- and middle-income brackets. They have not begun to capture the mass market among lower-income groups.

From the standpoint of production per se, the frozen-foods packers have resolved the major problems, though minor ones remain. Assembly-line conveyor-belt and other automatic devices, such as rubber fingers for plucking feathers from fowl, have been efficiently installed, notably during the past three years, providing a $290 million bonanza for the country's industrial-equipment manufacturers. The original Birdseye "multiplate" method has been improved and refined, and still is widely used; but other methods of quick-freezing, such as immersion in liquid air, cold-blast tunnels, ammonia vaporizing, and direct spraying by other refrigerants, are all yielding excellent results.

The farmer is generally pleased to raise his produce for frozen-food packers. Not only do they usually pay premium prices but they also furnish him with technical guidance on care of the soil, pruning, and sanitation, and often provide him, for example, with eggs or seedlings which may represent the ultimate strains from as many as four hundred experiments in crossbreeding and selection. Then, too, portions of food such as the cob of the corn or the rind of the orange are often returned to the farmer by the packer to be shredded into livestock feed—a considerable saving. By assigning his output in whole or in part to the packer, the farmer becomes a subcontractor with a market guaranteed in advance.

More than anything else since the tractor, quick freezing has eased life on the farm. From time immemorial, the farmer who wished to keep meat for his family has had to salt it, smoke it, corn it, pickle it. Now he can take his cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry to one of the country's 11,500 Community



Harris & Ewing

*Mrs. Joseph Davies*
*(née Marjorie Post)*

Freezing Centers, otherwise known as locker plants. At the locker plant he not only can have his slaughtering, evisceration, and dressing done for him, but can also have his meat stored in freeze lockers for which he pays an average rental of $1.50 a month. At any time he wishes he may drive in and pick up his beef, pork, or whatever, for there is a locker plant within easy driving distance of nearly every U. S. farm, except in parts of the South.

Nor does the farmer's wife any longer have to stack the vegetables in a cold cellar, or sweat through July and August doing up preserves and canning round the clock. Fruits, vegetables, jams, and even pies go into the deep freeze. Today the husking bees of pioneer times have been replaced by the get-together at the Community Freezing Center, where on summer afternoons farm women may be found at work tables, readying apples or rutabagas for the quick freeze, while the locker-plant supervisor, functioning like a shop foreman, will be circulating, telling them to watch out for the bruises that sour fruits when they are quick-frozen, or how much sugar to add. They can accomplish in a few weeks the "preserving" that used to take them all summer.

The flow of frozen foods from packing plant to ultimate consumer is neither smooth nor easy. It proceeds by means of a series of calculated efficiencies marred by inadequate equipment and attention en route. A frozen-food distributor in New York, for instance, may, within a single morning, receive salmon from Alaska, beef from Kansas, apricots from California, and French-fried potatoes from Maine. He will be storing them in a warehouse, where any frozen commodity spends more time than at any other stage. Hence the future of the frozen-foods industry depends, in large measure, upon the warehouse—more specifically upon the country's 760 public refrigerated warehouses (called public to differentiate them from facilities owned by packers and others). Windowless and unglamorous, they are to frozen foods what transformers are to electric power.

Although warehousemen in recent years have increased immensely their cubic footage for frozen foods, "too many old-timers," according to one progressive warehouseman with an engineering background, "rely on rule-of-thumb methods even though their equipment may be up to date. They don't even see that thermostats are set properly and temperatures constantly checked. Frozen foods have to have air circulating around them, but they get piled too near the wall, ceiling, or floor, which interferes with their 'breathing.' But we're learning. I guess you could say that everybody in this business has had to learn a lot fast. You get to know as second nature after a while that—well, take poultry giblets; they can last eight months at ten below zero but turn in four weeks above it. Or lobster. It lasts twenty-four months at ten below but less than ninety days at anything above. And I still have to ride herd on my own handlers so that they won't leave frozen foods on the platform under a hot sun or rip the cartons with loading forks."

Less than one-half of the nation's five hundred thousand grocery stores



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stock anywhere near an ample line of frozen foods, and nearly a third carry none. An energetic minority in grocery management, concentrated in the more prosperous urban and suburban areas, affirm that frozen foods are more profitable than almost anything else. The majority, however, say that floor space allotted to frozen foods simply doesn't pay as well as that given over to, say, fresh fruits and vegetables. They argue that prices are too high competitively in money terms, if not in terms of value; customers are not yet sufficiently frozen-foods minded; delivery systems are still faulty.

Above all, the indispensable deep-freeze cabinet for storage and display entails a considerable expenditure. One large enough to carry a reasonably full array of frozen foods may run up to $2,500. "That's just too much money to invest, at least the way things are now," is the refrain of the small neighborhood grocer in particular. Even when he decides to risk his capital on a cabinet—large, medium, or small—he is faced by bewildering choices in style, shape, size, and upkeep, for cabinets generally are less in a state of design than of flux. The early vertical hinge-top, which forced the customer to engage in deep knee bends while rummaging around for the desired product, is being replaced by the horizontal case, in which the product can at least be made visible without acrobatics. The quest for improvement among firms making such cabinets is as feverish as that among packers, and has led to a new kind of collaboration between them and retailers.

A while ago, for example, the producers of Minute Maid orange-juice concentrate, of which Bing Crosby is a backer, discovered that not enough grocers had proper cabinets in which to keep Minute Maid cans below zero and at the same time proclaim their presence. Minute Maid persuaded Philco's refrigeration division to convert its home freezer into an inexpensive self-service storage cabinet. It is now offered to the grocer at $150. He can buy it outright or have thirty months in which to pay at around five dollars a month (the profit from selling five cases of Minute Maid), while Minute Maid finances both carrying charges and installment costs.

The drive to co-operate with the grocer, to train him in selling frozen foods, and to woo his goodwill reflects his pivotal position in the industry. Retail outlets account for about fifty-six per cent of all frozen-food sales. The remaining forty-four per cent goes directly from packer or distributor to the country's 525,000 eating establishments (restaurants, hotel cafés, dining rooms in sanitoria, veterans' hospitals, schools, and other institutions) and some 33,000 industrial concerns making jams, mayonnaise, ice cream, pastries, cakes, and pies.

Chefs and master bakers, like most people who have developed particular skills and formulas to a high point, are slow to acknowledge that frozen legs of lamb or raspberries or pumpkins offer advantages over any other sort. It is this same reluctance to forsake the familiar and proven for the new that has, to a considerable extent, held back public acceptance of precooked frozen meals, an idea with a promising future but temporarily in eclipse.

Five years ago, the William L. Maxson company in New York pioneered twelve different precooked frozen-food

Wide World

*Bing Crosby*

platters. They were planned and priced for an intermediate market—namely, people who could frequently afford to pay somewhat more than what a meal normally cost when put together in their own kitchen, but who preferred to dine at home and pay less than what a comparable repast would cost at a good restaurant. The Maxson blue plates ranged from a tenderloin steak with French-fries and asparagus at $1.95 per person to turkey with cranberries, dressing, and broccoli with hollandaise sauce at ninety-five cents a serving. All the Maxson meals came on plastic or wood-fiber plates that could be thrown away after use.

Despite the assistance of Macy's department store in launching the new product as a blessing for busy New Yorkers, it didn't take hold. There was a flurry of orders—1,500 the first day—but these dwindled to less than fifty within a week. One reason was the comparatively high prices; but another, more compelling reason was sheer inertia in eating and buying habits. To have put over a promotional campaign to dent this inertia would have required many times the $350,000 that Maxson invested in the world's first plant for frozen precooked meals. In Philadelphia, however, an imitator of Maxson's, Frigid-Dinners, Inc., seems to be nicely solvent. Elsewhere the idea is dormant ("We were ten years ahead of our time," declared a Maxson executive) except for such airlines as Pan American, whose own kitchens have adopted the Maxson method for meals served to passengers and crew. Maxson's own firm has suspended operations.

While the civilian population remains apathetic, the military—alert to Napoleon's axiom that an army marches on its stomach—is very much interested, especially since frozen foods represent from twenty to seventy per cent less bulk in transit. At the Quartermaster Foods and Container Institute in Chicago, tests on precooked frozen meals are being conducted with portable electronic "stoves" for swifter thawing. "For the submarine service, their use has almost become a necessity," says Howard S. Dewey, public-relations officer for the Atlantic Fleet's Commander of Submarines. "Today's guppy-snorkels are an even more cramped version of their World War II brethren. Refrigeration space has suffered from the increased room allotted to batteries for greater underwater propulsion power. Frozen foods as a space saver will make the difference between the submariner eating hot cooked meals and thus helping to maintain high morale, and gnawing on a possible World War III interpretation of the K ration." —Herbert Harris



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# Light Heavyweight Bout In Illinois

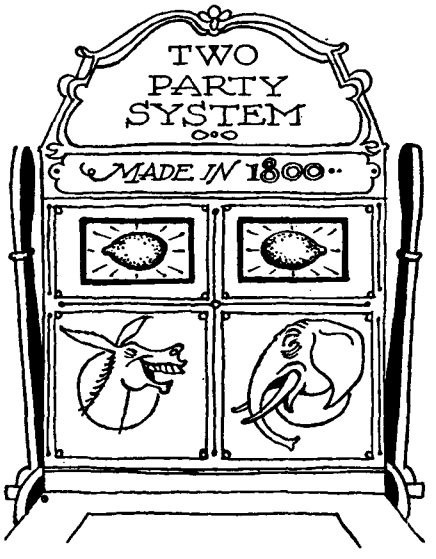
Scott Wike Lucas was born nearly fifty-nine years ago on a tenant farm near Chandlerville, Cass County, Illinois, in the west central part of the Sucker State, where the Sangamon empties into the Illinois. Schooling was hard, as it usually is for poor boys, but Scott Lucas took everything in stride, as befits an ambitious young man from the Lincoln country. And Lucas had certain natural advantages. He was big (over six feet) and powerful (two hundred pounds plus) and handsome in a way that would have reminded the girls at Illinois Wesleyan of John Barrymore, if they had ever seen Barrymore. The thing about Scott Lucas was that he wanted to be popular and had what it took to be popular.

He might have been a professional baseball player (he put himself through high school and college by alternating 3-I League jobs with farm chores); but when he left Illinois Wesleyan in June, 1914, he knew that it was to be law, and maybe politics. A year later he was practicing in the rough-and-ready river town of Havana, where he still has an office for sentiment's sake.

When the First World War came, Lucas enlisted as a private and came out a lieutenant. He joined the American Legion. In the Legion, big, affable fellows who could hold their liquor and tell a good dirty story, and who didn't bore their convention buddies with big-word discourses, were a cinch to get ahead. By 1926, Lucas was commander of the Department of Illinois, and thereafter he served five terms as national judge advocate.

Plain party politics, what with the women and college professors and all sorts of idealists and reformers to deal with, was a little tougher, but not too tough for a handsome giant who was used to hard work and didn't in the least mind ringing doorbells. In 1920 Lucas, taking no chances in a Republican stronghold in a G.O.P landslide year, rang enough bells to be elected state's (county) attorney of Mason County. Fifteen years later, having acquired a wife, a son, and a powerful Legion-Methodist small-town-farm following, he went to Congress to represent the Twentieth District as successor to a boyhood idol, the late Speaker Henry T. Rainey, the first of F.D.R.'s House lieutenants. There he served one and a fraction terms, making new friends in Washington and attracting quite a bit of favorable attention in the press back home for his championing of the farm bloc. Life might have gone on that way, as it does for so many Representatives from safe, single-economy districts, but for a combination of coincidental factors that suddenly fitted together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle.

The first was the President's Supreme Court-packing proposal. Scott Lucas had (and has) a lawyer's respect for legal precedent and tradition, and a back-country prosecutor's veneration for the highest tribunal in the land. Besides, nearly everyone was muttering rebellion in the cloakrooms. Representative Lucas voted "No," and the good Methodists of Brown, Calhoun, Cass, Greene, Jersey, Mason, Menard, Morgan, Pike, and Scott Counties cheered.




Illinois' late Governor Henry Horner did a little quiet cheering on his own. A big Senatorial nomination was coming up in 1938. The Kelly-Nash machine in upstate Cook County (Chicago) had a man: Mike Igoe. The governor wanted no part of Igoe; more than that, he wanted to teach Kelly and Nash a political lesson. Handsome, likable Scott Lucas might be the man to do it.

Lucas leaped joyfully into the battle, roundly denouncing Kelly, Nash, and their "army of satellites, fixers, insiders, and parasitic cogs." It was a time-honored routine, with a timeless ending. On the morrow of his election, the new Senator made peace with "that sink of iniquity." Ned Kelly became, at every Chicago service-club lunch and strawberry festival, "your great mayor, who has placed principle above personalities."

In the Senate Lucas soon became as popular as he had ever been in the House. The momentum of his personal declaration of independence, plus his solid record on farm legislation, swept him through the 1944 election at the top of the Illinois ticket, well ahead of F.D.R. But he was only just beginning to learn, the hard way, that trying to represent everybody in a highly diversified state is a lot harder than representing the people of one fairly homogeneous, predominantly rural Congressional district. Labor did not like his vote for the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill or his denunciations of wartime walkouts.



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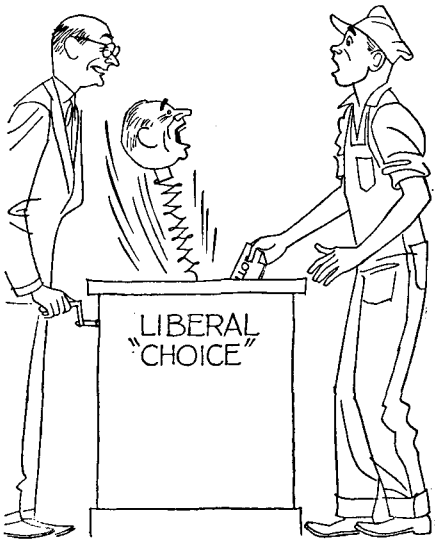
But by the time Taft-Hartley rolled around, he had learned enough to vote for the bill, and then for sustaining the veto he knew it would provoke.

But then his very capacity for being liked almost proved the undoing of Scott Lucas. He was elected majority leader over more than a dozen colleagues with greater seniority. That made him the spokesman of two additional "constituencies": the President of the United States, and the Democratic Party. Could any one man honestly serve the views of: (1) old friends




along the pastoral Sangamon; (2) the workers of Chicago and Peoria; (3) the Cook County machine that had passed from Ned Kelly to up-and-coming Jack Arvey; (4) a party that included the states'-righters of Georgia and Texas; and (5) a President with a mission?

The first test came on FEPC and the other "force" bills. Mathematically as well as traditionally, the majority leader's course was clear enough: Four out of five masters favored Federal civil-rights legislation, and it could not have been repugnant to Lucas personally. But it was repugnant to his Southern colleagues. And when he saw that this meant all Southerners, the "decent" ones like Lister Hill and Frank Graham no less than the others, the whole thing became repugnant to Lucas, a man for whom compromise had always meant not cowardice but a means of getting something done.

Caught between White House anger and the pained forbearance of his cronies, the good-natured giant who had once done two men's work on the farm worried himself into a hospital with an ulcer. There, staring at the white ceiling, Lucas came to a decision countless mortals had reached before him: In a society that had already waited five thousand years for the millennium, no bill was worth an ulcer, no historian's tribute to the heroic dead half so precious as peace and friendship for the living.

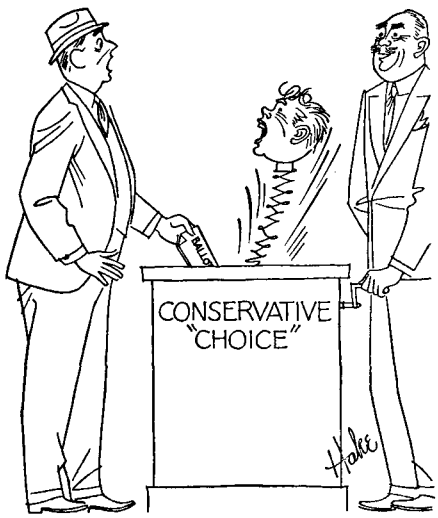
And so now a comparatively relaxed majority leader has resolutely blocked a Republican anti-Communist bill, philosophically accepted a Democratic substitute every whit as bad, squared his big broad shoulders, and gone back to Illinois to campaign as never before.

The worst thing that has ever been said about Lucas was said in compliment. It was said at the 1944 Democratic convention, when Mayor Ned Kelly magnanimously offered the then junior Senator's name for the Vice-Presidency. "He is not a thinking man," Kelly boomed; "not a member of any thinking group."

Lucas's opponent, six foot-plus, two-hundred-pounds-plus Everett McKinley Dirksen, was born four years after Lucas at Pekin, forty-five miles up the Illinois River as the crows follow the cornrows. Young Dirksen plowed through local public school and high school, went away to study law (University of Minnesota), also went into the Army a private and came out an officer, married a typical American girl, fathered a typical American child, served eight terms in the House of Representatives. Coincidence? There has never been anything quite like it in Illinois; certainly half-pint Stephen A. Douglas was no double for gangling Abe Lincoln.

There is more to the deceptive Toni Twin resemblance: In "regular" G.O.P. circles it is suspected that Everett Dirksen assays a little light on party reliability. For example, there was a sudden floor speech in October, 1941, when his shuddering teammates heard the gentleman from Illinois' Sixteenth District plead that partisanship be submerged in support of President Roosevelt's policy of protecting lend-lease convoys to Europe, to the point of shooting if necessary. And then there was that other occasion, when this surprising fellow who lived in the very shadow of the Tribune Tower urged upon his party the adoption of "a new emotional pattern"—something that sounded suspiciously like trying to find out what the majority of Americans wanted. Going from bad to worse, there was then Dirksen's championship of the Marshall Plan.

Of this last deviation Dirksen purged himself completely in 1949. Forced to announce that, because of eye trouble (since corrected), he would not be able to seek re-election to the House, the apostate isolationist traveled about Europe to see how ECA was operating. On




his return he announced that he would oppose further "gifts" since "this country's attempts to restore sound budgetary procedure in Europe is like the blind leading the blind."

At a time when many completely nonpolitical economists all over the world were beginning to say openly that the cheapest and surest way to stop Communism was to expand the Marshall Plan concept to Asia, Africa, and Latin America, Dirksen, in a celebrated debate with Democratic Senator Paul H. Douglas, argued: "When you make a bad investment you don't continue throwing money down the rat-hole the New Deal way; you call it quits."

Unlike fashion-plate Lucas, Ev Dirksen is ruggedly homespun, a talented phrasemaker who shakes his unruly shock of hair over the rolling periods that ring with evangelical fervor. Commenting on F.D.R.'s report to the nation on the meeting with Churchill in Quebec, he thundered: "Where the people sought statesmanship they got



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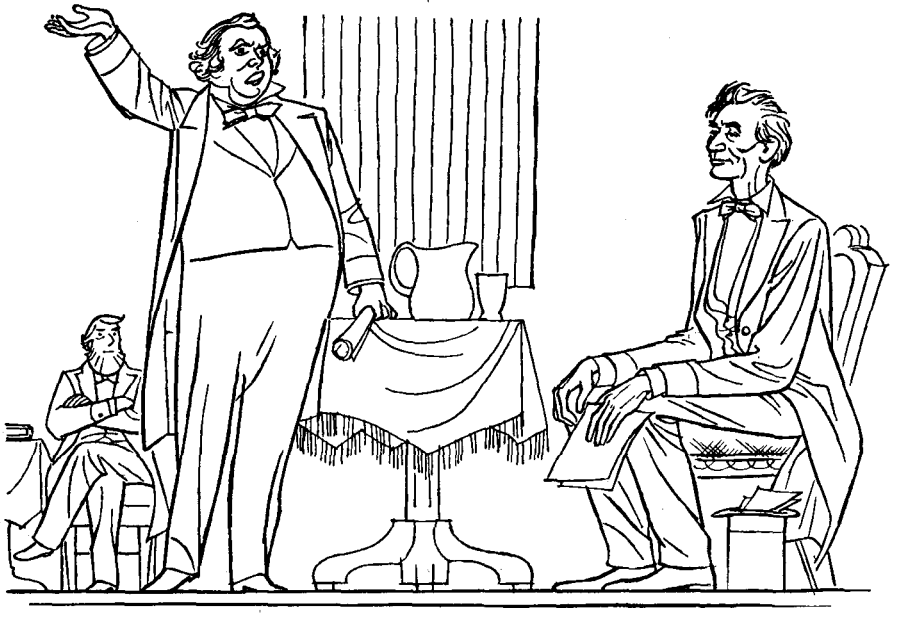
showmanship . . . The people sought humility and got a strange kind of arrogance. Their hope for comfort was turned into the deep ashes of despair. . . . Is this the spiritual leadership that the people expect as young men die on distant battlefields? Is this the sweet bread of inspiration, or the cold stone of demagoguery?"

Looking back on it, the Dirksen switch on the Marshall Plan seems less the about-face his opponent says it is than the natural and inevitable end position of a man advancing in cautious circles. As early as 1944, Dirksen was a vigorous critic of "haphazard, amateur foreign policy that is fostering another world war." By 1947 he was arguing that we should show our toughness to the Kremlin by stopping the export of war materials to Russia. Even his support of the Marshall Plan was conditioned on economic aid for Germany—a condition which, if accepted, would have made the plan unworkable anywhere else.



Dirksen himself has a simpler explanation for his foreign-aid change of heart: When ECA was first introduced it sounded plausible. Desk-bound Congressmen had to take other people's word for it that it was working. As soon as he got the chance, he went to have a look for himself, came to the conclusion that Hoffman and his aides were overselling the program. It never seems to have occurred to Dirksen that this is a hell of a way for a legislator to arrive at conclusions.

Yet no objective observer questions the honesty and integrity of Dirksen any more than anyone questions the essential decency of Lucas. The consensus of Chicago and Springfield political writers, talking among themselves and off the record, is that Dirksen is the abler of the two. In 1946 his House colleagues of both parties voted him second for "all-around ability." Speaker Sam Rayburn once remarked, "If they're going to send more Republicans to Congress, I want more like Everett Dirksen." In 1944, Wendell Willkie publicly blessed the Presidential aspirations of the pride of Pekin. Not even the most emotional Fair Dealer can make all that add up to "Bertie McCormick's stooge"—though all summer long in Illinois they have been trying.

Of the more than five million citizens of Illinois eligible to vote, these are the two between whom the choice of a man to stand beside Paul Douglas must be made on Election Day. In ordinary times, the material would be considered well above the average for the forty-eight states. Even in these times, the voters of some other states—Ohio, for example—may be pardoned for feeling that they are not as well off.

The fact remains that Illinoisians aren't too happy about it. How can anyone who sincerely wants to see the Taft-Hartley Act repealed be happy? Or those farmers (and consumers) who would like to try the Brannan Plan? Or those voters—particularly the sizable Negro bloc—who would like to see a Federal FEPC with teeth? Or any citizen, whether isolationist or realist, who would like to see Congress wrap up a compact ten-year foreign-policy program to replace the hand-to-mouth extemporizing of the last five years? Or, finally, those confused but decent folk who would have liked to see the anti-subversive problem handled with more wisdom and less emotion? Nothing these people can do on Election Day will give them an adequate spokesman for their views.

Some say this is because of two men: Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* on the Republican side, and Jack Arvey, heir to the Kelly-Nash Cook County machine on the Democratic side. Lucas, they say, is "Arvey's man"; Dirksen "McCormick's creature." In the literal sense, both charges are not only untrue, but silly on their faces. Lucas began his career by bucking the Cook County setup. McCormick is known to have expressed grave doubts about Dirksen's orthodoxy, and might even have tried to throw a spoke in his wheel had not a quiet preprimary campaign entrenched the former Congressman beyond fear of a successful "stop" movement. Besides, such moth-eaten clichés are insulting to the acknowledged personal integrity of both men, often enough demonstrated.

Still, there is no denying that Arvey and McCormick are key men in their respective party councils. In the past they have exercised a veto power to be compared with that of the Russians in the Security Council. On the other hand, a candidate without a sponsor is an orphan; and a candidate whose original sponsor dies is left an orphan. Few orphans have ever been successful in politics. The wise orphan manages somehow to get himself left on some recognized leader's doorstep; and the wise leader stifles his real feelings, takes the waif inside, and instructs the cook to warm up the campaign-fund bottle.

This is one of the concomitants of "representative" government in which two per cent of the governed work full time at the business of politics, ten to sixty per cent spend a few seconds every two to four years behind a voting-booth curtain, and the rest don't even bother with that much.

—LLEWELLYN WHITE



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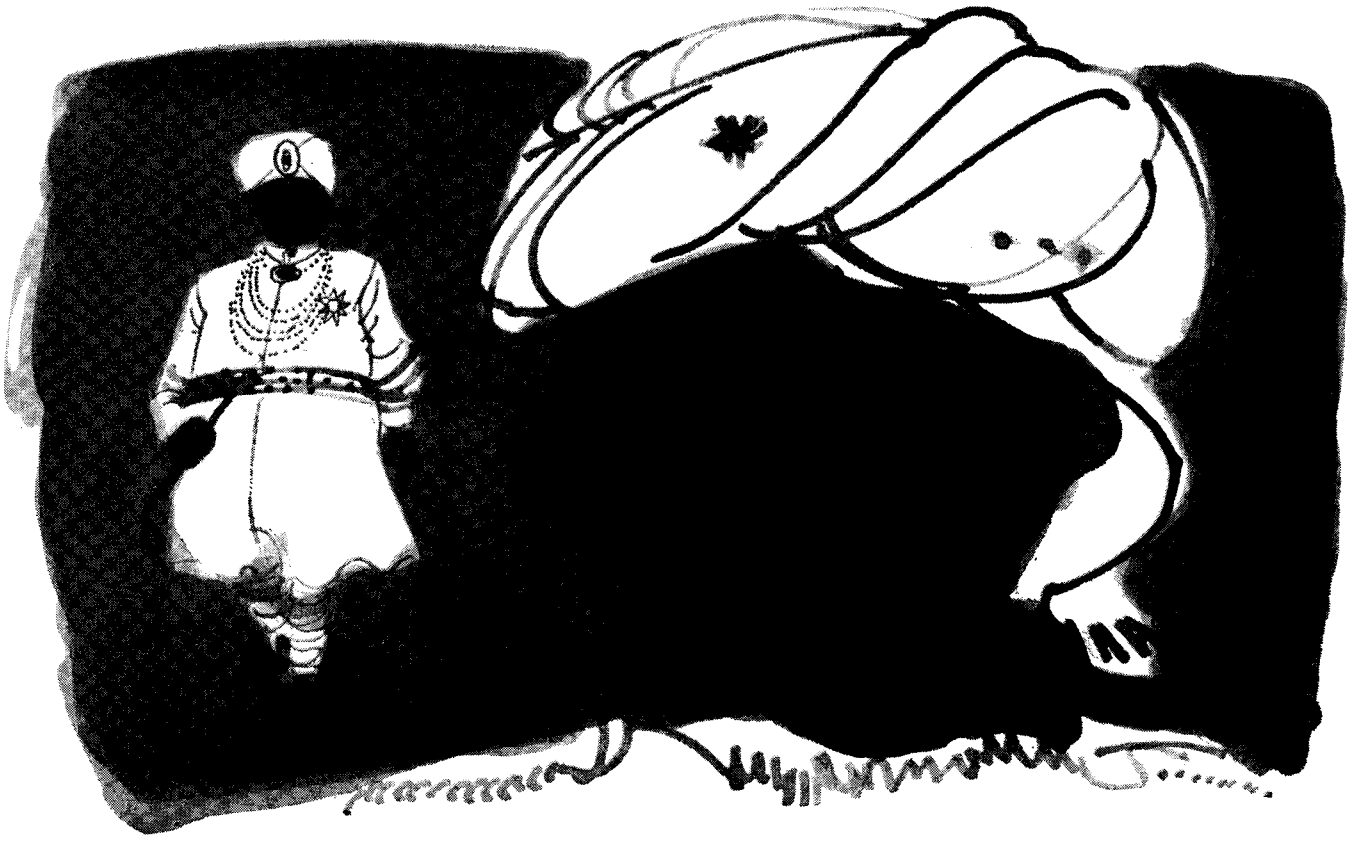

# India's Own Peace Problems

During recent months, as India has increasingly assumed the role of moral peacemaker in Asia, and indeed in the United Nations as a whole, many Americans have begun to take a greater interest in the way India conducts its own relations with Pakistan. For, as long as these two nations are in conflict, they can have neither the moral nor the physical strength to play their logical key role in the settlement of the Korean affair and of any other conflicts that may break out in Asia.

The biggest problem, of course, is Kashmir, where Indian and Pakistani troops high in the Himalayas face each other across an uneasy cease-fire line watched by mountain-climbing U. N. observers.

The most recent of a long series of U.N. attempts to settle the dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir came to an end in mid-September with the publication of the report of the U.N. mediator, Sir Owen Dixon. Sir Owen's principal job was to try to work out a plan for the withdrawal of troops so that the Kashmiris themselves could declare in a plebiscite, free of military pressure, whether they preferred to belong to India or Pakistan.

The formula proposed by Sir Owen involved U.N. recognition that Pakistan had violated international law in sending its troops into Kashmir. It also involved a consequent obligation upon Pakistan to withdraw its troops first. Not until "a significant period" after this had been done was India to be required to withdraw its forces. A definite schedule was thereafter to be carried out in the withdrawal not only of the Indian troops but also of the local Kashmir troops on both sides of the cease-fire line.

One might have thought that this formula would have been turned down by Pakistan—for it is hard on national sensitivities to come so close to being declared an outright aggressor, and still harder to be required to withdraw troops first with no assurance that enemy troops will not fill the vacuum. But Pakistan accepted this part of the Dixon proposals. India did not.

India based its refusal on the contention that Pakistan was the aggressor. But the matter is not so simple as that—for it involves the old, stale, and infinitely complex argument as to whether or not the "accession" to India of Kashmir in 1947 was valid. This accession was an act of the unpopu-



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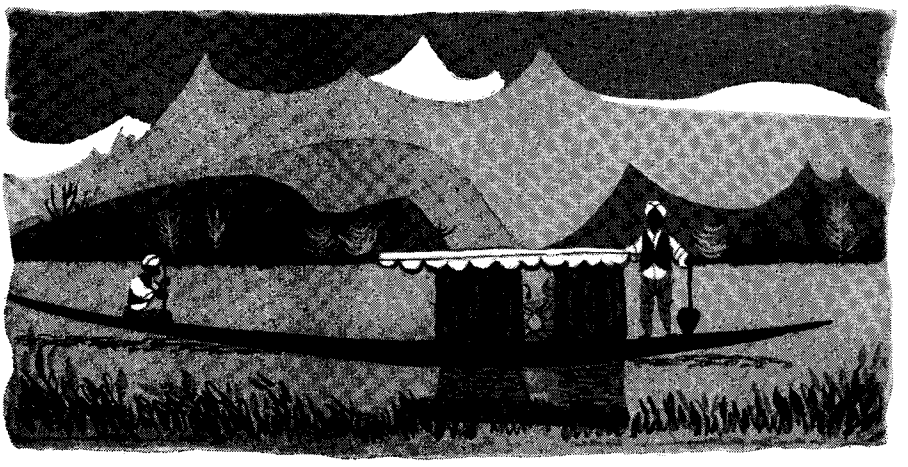
lar Hindu maharajah, who had abandoned his long-oppressed Moslem subjects, many of whom were now in open revolt against him. When he signed the accession agreement he had already fled his capital city, which was being threatened by advancing bands of Moslem tribesmen. He was in Jammu on his way to westernized Bombay and retirement.

This was the accession agreement on which India bases its claim to Kashmir. At one time India itself had enough qualms about the agreement to feel that it would be best to add to it the offer of a plebiscite—an offer which India has since taken no positive steps to implement.

Pakistan may have been guilty of helping the informal, unorganized invasion by the tribesmen in 1947, though this is not certain. Later, in May, 1948, long after Indian troops had entered Kashmir, Pakistan was clearly guilty of sneaking Pakistani regulars up to the front line in support of local pro-Pakistan Azad Kashmir forces. Pakistan may be more than fifty per cent to blame for the Kashmir trouble, but whatever the percentage, India is certainly not blameless, nor is it morally entitled to declare unilaterally that Pakistan is the aggressor.

On the contrary, as a member of the United Nations, India was morally bound to submit itself to whatever method of settlement the U.N. should decide upon. India did not do so. The fact is that many factors other than morality enter into India's treatment of the Kashmir question. One of these is an extremely touchy national pride. A small example will illustrate the prevalent mood in India. At a non-official conference in India last winter, devoted supposedly to a frank examination of questions that might impede friendly relations between the United States and India, I mildly mentioned that some of us in the United States wondered why there had been such a delay in the holding of the promised plebiscite in Kashmir. At this, a prominent Indian, who has served as his country's chief delegate to at least one important international conference, rose, quivering with rage, and said that I had insulted the honor of India.

Actually, the reason for India's indefinite postponement of the promised plebiscite seems clear, though it is not



primarily moral. Time is on the side of India. The social and economic reforms of big and hearty Sheikh Abdullah—the Moslem Prime Minister of India's half of the country and Nehru's close friend and supporter—are undoubtedly good, particularly when contrasted with the record of Sheikh Abdullah's predecessor, the pleasure-loving maharajah. The great majority of Kashmiris are simple peasants, whose usual garb is coarse brown wool blankets. Many of them have no footwear except crude homemade shoes of rice straw, so easily worn out on the rocky mountain trails that the peasant women must make new pairs each night. The limited interests of the bejeweled maharajah did not embrace improvement of the lot of subjects such as these.

Today the political organizers of Sheikh Abdullah—who has never stood the test of an election, free or otherwise—are at work in the villages, forming local branches of Sheikh Abdullah's party, the National Conference: reminding villagers of the benefits of Abdullah's, and hence India's, rule; and thus preparing them to vote right if and when a plebiscite should be held. In this, the task is made somewhat easier by the financial aid that India is giving Abdullah's régime and by the food sent in from India. The sugar ration in Kashmir last winter, for example, was higher than the sugar ration in India itself.

Sheikh Abdullah's organizing campaign is also aided by the fact that any opposition to it has to be of an underground variety. Last winter when I was there, it was clear that the Moslem majority in Indian-occupied Kashmir were afraid of speaking openly about their desire to have their country belong to Pakistan. Surreptitiously and with endless precaution against detection, they sought out means of making their point of view known to foreign journalists. There was no freedom of expression whatever. As Sir Owen Dixon understated the matter in his recent report, "The State government was exercising wide powers of arbitrary arrest."

To point out such things is not to condemn India. It is distinctly hard to be moral in international relations. This does not mean that one should give up the attempt to be moral, but rather that there should be a franker, more realistic view, both on India's part and on ours, of the emotional complexities which tend to becloud their morality and ours.

But more serious than the Kashmir question itself is the larger question of which the Kashmir problem is only one part. Is India, while acting as the great apostle of peace, at the same time allowing a situation to develop in its own back yard which could well develop into a third world war?

Here we might digress to examine the state of mind within Pakistan, which is so much less well known, less reported, and less visited than India.

Pakistan is truly desperate about its relations with India. This desperation stems from a deep conviction that the Kashmir question is only one step in a long series designed to wipe out Moslems on the India subcontinent or else subjugate them completely.

As the argument runs, the Indians invaded the state of Junagadh in 1947 after that state had exercised its legal right to accede to Pakistan. In 1948 India invaded Hyderabad, where the



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Moslem Nizam was still thinking of acceding to Pakistan. Now if it swallows Kashmir (by the simple device of not holding a plebiscite) there will be no hope of checking future Indian aggression.

At first it is hard to adjust oneself to the feeling of urgency that the Pakistanis display. I kept saying to them: "You have your own country now. You are secure. India is not thinking of attacking you. They are too busy with their own development."

The Pakistanis answer: "That is how it seems to you on the surface. And indeed we have no doubt that Nehru would prefer not to attack us. But his hand may be forced. The powerful groups within India who want to exterminate the Moslems may prove stronger politically than he. India has never become reconciled, basically, to the formation of Pakistan."

The Hindu Mahasabha and the semisecret military formation, the Rashtrya Swayamsevak Sangh have both continued to press for a "united India." In discussing the matter with Indian exponents of union, I have asked: "Since Pakistan cherishes its independence, how can a united India be achieved short of war?" The answer is always, "There are other ways."

There are indeed other ways, forms of attack more subtle than territorial aggression. And this, it seems to me, is precisely the cause of the Pakistan panic. The Pakistanis point to India's action in cutting off the headwaters of Pakistan's vital irrigation system in the spring of 1948. This, they claim, ruined the crops on hundreds of thousands of acres. They point to the anti-Moslem communal rioting which breaks out from time to time in India. Pakistanis also point to the trade war between the two countries by which, they feel, India is attempting to strangle Pakistan economically and make untenable its independent position.

For all of Pakistan's contentions on these various specific issues, India has answers, some of them good, some less good. The arguments and counter-arguments run on back and forth ad infinitum until they become lost in a maze of meaningless legalistic detail. But in India as in Pakistan there is a point at which all pretense of logic and reason ends, and emotion takes over.

Sometimes, for example, while I was trying to fathom the intricacies of the conflicting claims to water rights, an Indian would abruptly inquire, "But are you in favor of a theocratic state?" Logically, the question was irrelevant. Whether or not Pakistan is in fact a theocratic state—and much can be said to show that it is not—surely Pakistan has the same rights in international relations that it would have if it had a form of government and an attitude toward religion more to the liking of the Indians.

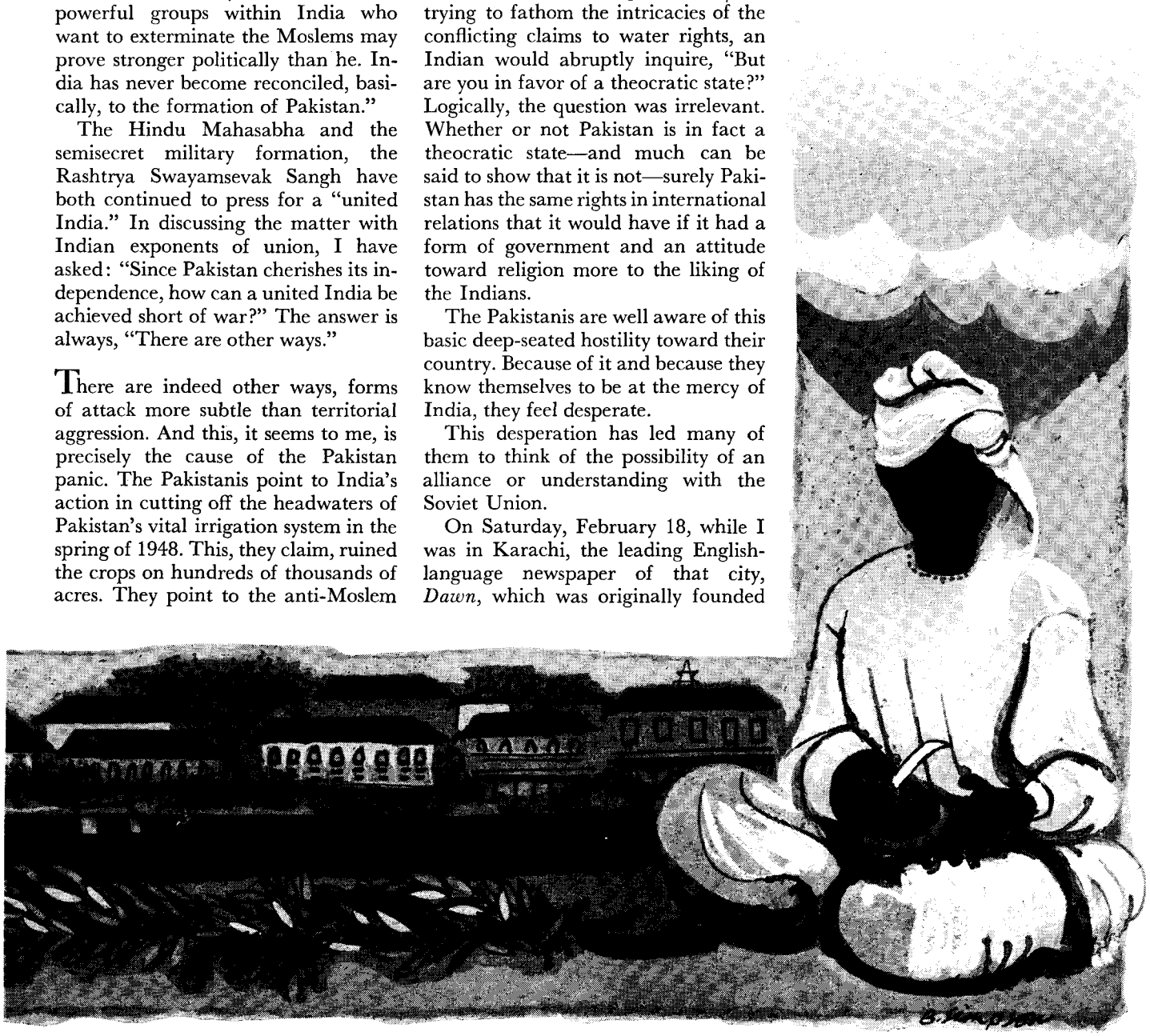
The Pakistanis are well aware of this basic deep-seated hostility toward their country. Because of it and because they know themselves to be at the mercy of India, they feel desperate.

This desperation has led many of them to think of the possibility of an alliance or understanding with the Soviet Union.

On Saturday, February 18, while I was in Karachi, the leading English-language newspaper of that city, *Dawn*, which was originally founded by Ali Jinnah himself, carried a special leading editorial entitled THE RED ROAD TO SALVATION. This argued that the Moslems in the subcontinent of India, being greatly outnumbered by the Hindus, would have to turn to Communism in order to save their lives and their religion.

It pointed out that Soviet law provides for complete toleration of religious differences and that many Moslems live happily within the borders of the Soviet Union.

Americans are rightly wary of the possibility of being blackmailed into support of a country by a thinly hidden threat that the country in question will





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go Communist or side with Russia if we do not step into the breach. But in Pakistan, support for an understanding with the Soviet Union exists quite apart from government circles. I had a glimpse of the pro-Soviet inclination in Pakistan one night at a public meeting where the speaker was mild, young Sardar Mohammed Ibrahim, President of the Azad (pro-Pakistan) Kashmir state, who had recently returned from a visit to the U.N. Security Council at Lake Success. In the question period he was asked, "While you were at Lake Success did you contact the Soviet delegation?" When he replied that he had not done so, a man shouted, "That was certainly a mistake!" Others shouted, "Hear, hear!"

The recent indication in Korea that the U.S.S.R. is not necessarily reliable as an ally may dampen the ardor of these people. Still there remains a feeling that it may be necessary for Pakistan to choose between absorption in India or domination by the Soviet Union. Faced with that unpleasant choice, there are many who feel that they would have a greater chance of religious freedom if they chose Russia.

In the tense relations between India and Pakistan there are, in short, many complicated facets. It is impossible for anyone to pass final judgment. Pakistan is not a hundred per cent right, and India a hundred per cent wrong, or vice versa. The issue at India's back door is not a simple moral question. It is an extremely involved question tangled with economic pressures and highly surcharged with emotion.

In this lamentable situation, India is the larger country. Pakistan is small and divided geographically. No one in India suggests that India feels its existence threatened by Pakistan. On the other hand, all Pakistanis most emphatically feel that the existence of their state is threatened by India. As we in the United States have begun discovering, responsibility is commensurate with power. If the present impasse between India and Pakistan is to be ended, if there is to develop finally the mutual trust and confidence needed to avert a war, all signs indicate that it is India that must take the initiative and make the first concessions.

—Beatrice Pitney Lamb

*(Another viewpoint on the Kashmir controversy will be published in our next issue.)*

# The Minutemen Of Guatemala

For one week this summer, the Korean War had a distant cousin in the serenely tragic land of Guatemala. The political drama was fundamentally the same, but it was played on a much smaller stage, the actors spoke their lines differently, and the ending was revised. There were all the familiar ingredients—Communism and anti-Communism, violence and army intervention. But there are innumerable ways of mixing them up, and this was the Guatemalan way. Sometimes it looked like a parody of all the others.

The July outbreak in Guatemala started out because an old man tried to recapture the great days of his past. As far back as 1920, Señor Manuel Cobos Batres had taken a prominent part in the movement which had led to the downfall of the dictator Manuel Estrada Cabrera, who had been "President" for twenty-two years. In 1926, there came another dictator, José María Orellana. Cobos Batres also tried to get rid of him. He merely called on Orellana to resign and asked the people to observe one minute of silence in the streets every day until the dictator did so. The stunt was not good enough to get rid of Orellana, who stuck Cobos Batres in jail. But the dictator happened to die three months later.

Now, in 1950, Cobos Batres was an old man in his seventies. No one had heard of him for years. This time there was a left-wing President, Juan José Arévalo, instead of a right-wing dictator. Cobos Batres had as little use for the one as for the other. Indeed, it was doubtful whether he would have had any use for anyone in power, except possibly himself.

Old Cobos Batres was probably the only one in Guatemala who remembered the minute of silence of twenty-four years ago. But he was enough to get things moving. On July 18, the first anniversary of the murder of Colonel Francisco Javier Arana, the former head of the Guatemalan Army, Cobos Batres turned out a one-man manifesto. It was simply entitled: Manuel Cobos Batres a los Guatemaltecos. Its five pages raked up the whole Arana affair, practically accusing the President of the crime.

At the end of this manifesto, Cobos Batres could think of nothing better than his old stunt. He demanded the immediate resignation of President Arévalo and called on all Guatemalans to observe one minute of silence at six o'clock in the evening, beginning the next day, on Sixth Avenue, the main shopping center of the capital. July 19 was a national holiday, so the street was sure to be crowded anyway. The



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holiday had been declared by the government to celebrate the suppression of the military uprising which had been set off by Arana's murder. Cobos Batres thought it a fitting time to start another one, or at least to start something.

A few minutes before six o'clock on June 19, a dapper little old man appeared, with a cigarette stuck at the end of a long holder, which he dangled between his thumb and index finger. It was Cobos Batres, flanked by young admirers, jauntily marching from the Parque Central, the heart of Guatemala City, into Sixth Avenue, which runs into it. He strutted down to Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street, one block away from the central plaza, acknowledging cheers and greetings from the crowd with short jerks of his gray head. Cobos Batres was enjoying himself thoroughly, back in the limelight after his long obscurity.

As the big clock at the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street struck six, several hundred hands flew up in the air. After the minute of silence, everyone clapped gleefully. Cries went up against Arévalo, Communism, and Russia. Most of the crowd was well dressed. Cobos Batres and his cigarette holder swaggered down Sixth Avenue, and the demonstration was over.

It was a gay beginning for tragedy. The crowd that first day was very sociable. Everyone went around shaking everyone else's hand, cracking jokes at the government's expense, as if grown-ups were engaging in a prank. The police were not in sight. The most popular cry was *"Viva la minuta!"*

But politics was creeping up. The country was in the midst of a bitter Presidential campaign, the second in the six years since the fall of the dictator Jorge Ubico Casteñeda. The election would not come off until the following November, but the campaign was already about six months old. Even an old and well-established democracy might not be able to afford such a long period of inflammatory political passions. But Guatemala did everything the hard way.

The campaign had settled down into a struggle chiefly between the extreme left-wing candidate, Colonel Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, and the extreme right-wing candidate, General Miguel Ydígoras Fuentes. Arbenz, the former Minister of Defense, was also mixed up in the Arana affair, the opposition charged. Ydígoras, Director of Highways under the Ubico dictatorship, was staking practically everything on this charge. Whether or not the government was directly or indirectly responsible for Arana's murder, to put out of the way a dangerous enemy, the opposition had undoubtedly succeeded in making most people believe it.

And on July 19, the Ydígoristas decided to get into the act with Cobos Batres, if they had not been in cahoots with him all the time. They gave out a leaflet supporting the minute of silence, thereby tying it up to the Presidential campaign. Cobos Batres might have been dismissed as a crackpot, but the possibility that his minute of silence could snowball gave the government supporters a bad night.

The following morning it was made known that the trade unions were not going to give up Sixth Avenue so easily. The Comité Nacional de Unidad Sindical served notice in the newspapers that it was organizing a counterdemonstration to march down Sixth Avenue at the very same time as the minute of silence. Someone would have to get out of the way.

Just to make matters a little less simple, it must be added that there are Communists in Guatemala but no official Communist Party. The Communists control the trade unions so effectively that there is no real need for an open Communist Party, since the trade unions go in for politics as much as economics. When the committee representing the trade unions announced that it was going to send *porristas,* as the strong-arm forces of the unions are called, through Sixth Avenue at six o'clock on July 20, it meant that the Communists were itching for a showdown.

By five that Thursday afternoon, Sixth Avenue began to fill up for Cobos Batres's second performance. There were a few hundred people more than on the first day, but the atmosphere was still rather carefree. A few minutes before six, the crowd suddenly lost its good humor. Down the street, forcing everyone out of the gutter, came the counterdemonstrators called out by the Communists in support of President Arévalo. The Arévalistas looked angry and aggressive. They marched in close formation. Some carried sticks.

It was easy to distinguish between the two sides in this conflict—the poorly dressed and the better dressed. For the moment, they only hurled insults at each other. Down came the metal shutters in front of the stores. The shopkeepers, having had plenty of



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practice sizing up danger, knew how to play their parts.

The Arévalistas marched into the Parque Central to the Presidential Palace. As they cried out for him, President Arévalo himself, a stocky, well-fed man in his early forties with an air of overabundant self-assurance, stepped out on his balcony and greeted them. This act made the counterdemonstration official.

Meanwhile, the anti-Arévalistas had their minute of silence in Sixth Avenue, which was now choked with people. Neither side was satisfied. The anti-Arévalo crowd in Sixth Avenue waited around. The Arévalista crowd in the Parque Central turned around and headed back to Sixth Avenue. Something was going to happen.

This time the gutter was packed and no one was getting out of the way. At the entrance to Sixth Avenue from the Parque Central, both crowds held their ground, eying each other sullenly. For about ten minutes, all they did was hurt each other's feelings with uncomplimentary remarks.

Then, gradually, the sticks began to go into action, little groups broke off from the main bodies to box and wrestle in the no man's land between the two mobs, and stones flew up and back. The Arévalistas tore down trees in the Parque Central to get more sticks. The anti-Arévalistas tore up the street to get paving stones. Every once in a while, someone staggered away clutching his head. A great many people looked on from the sidelines without attempting to take part. During all the street fighting, a loudspeaker from the bandstand in the Parque Central was broadcasting light music. The hot-dog-and-Coca-Cola stand did a week's business in an hour.

For over an hour, the Guardia Civil was mysteriously absent. After seven o'clock, the police finally showed up on some fire trucks, which they proceeded to drive headlong down Sixth Avenue. The trucks dispersed the right-wingers without disturbing the left-wingers and came back carrying cheering *porristas* as well as policemen. The left-wingers let out cries of triumph as their enemies were forced to flee. Then they crossed the Parque Central and sang the national anthem in front of the Presidential Palace to celebrate the victory. It was time to go home and eat.

Two men could not go home; they had been killed in the melee. Over

thirty had been wounded. The game had gotten rough.

The most important victim was a medical student, Edgar Lemcke, who had been stabbed in the heart. At first it was unclear whose martyr Lemcke was. The government press claimed him because he was a nephew of President Arévalo. It turned out, however, that Lemcke had actually belonged to the middle-of-the-road Partido del Pueblo. When this got around, Lemcke's martyrdom backfired against the government. All sorts of leaflets were handed out about the great loss of Lemcke to the nation, his noble features, his fine poetic talent, and his opposition to the Arévalo régime.

In any Latin American country, the enmity of the university students can be a dangerous thing. They represent one of the few homogeneous political forces in a country like Guatemala because almost all of them have the same privileged social background; they are the future doctors, lawyers,

and teachers—particularly lawyers—and have great social prestige. In fact, the Guatemalan students had played a leading role in the overthrow of the Ubico dictatorship. Now Lemcke's death enraged the university students, most of whom were anti-government anyway. Before Thursday the minute of silence had not had any real leadership. After Thursday the students took it over.

This transformed the mob violence into a political crisis. In protest against Lemcke's death, the Association of University Students decided to call a strike. The demands were the dismissal of the Minister of Interior and the apprehension of Lemcke's assailant. Next the Chamber of Commerce decided to back up the students by calling on all businessmen to go on strike. Then the Organization of the Professionals—the doctors, lawyers, and engineers—joined the strike movement, adding for good measure a demand for the dismissals of the director and subdirector of the Guardia Civil.

By Saturday, July 22, Guatemala City was shut up tight. For a while it was an uneven battle, because the government threw its entire weight against the strikers. On Friday, the Communists brought out an even larger counterdemonstration to overwhelm the minute of silence. Again President Arévalo came out on the balcony of his office and identified himself with the counterdemonstration, this time to the extent of making a speech endorsing it.

But the minute of silence went on. By Saturday, the students were clearly out in front. The bravado among them was somewhat like that of the young fellows who jump into bull rings un-



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armed in order to prove that they have enough courage to be taught the business. The Guardia Civil went into action alone. First hoses spurted streams of water into Sixth Avenue. This soon became a game. The boys ducked out of the way and came back for more. Then came the tear-gas bombs. The boys yanked out their handkerchiefs, held them to their eyes, and ran back as soon as the coast was clear again.

Suddenly a shot was heard. It was all the Guardia Civil needed. Their rifles began to pop. When the shooting was finished, another student had been killed and several persons wounded, including a subinspector of the Guardia Civil.

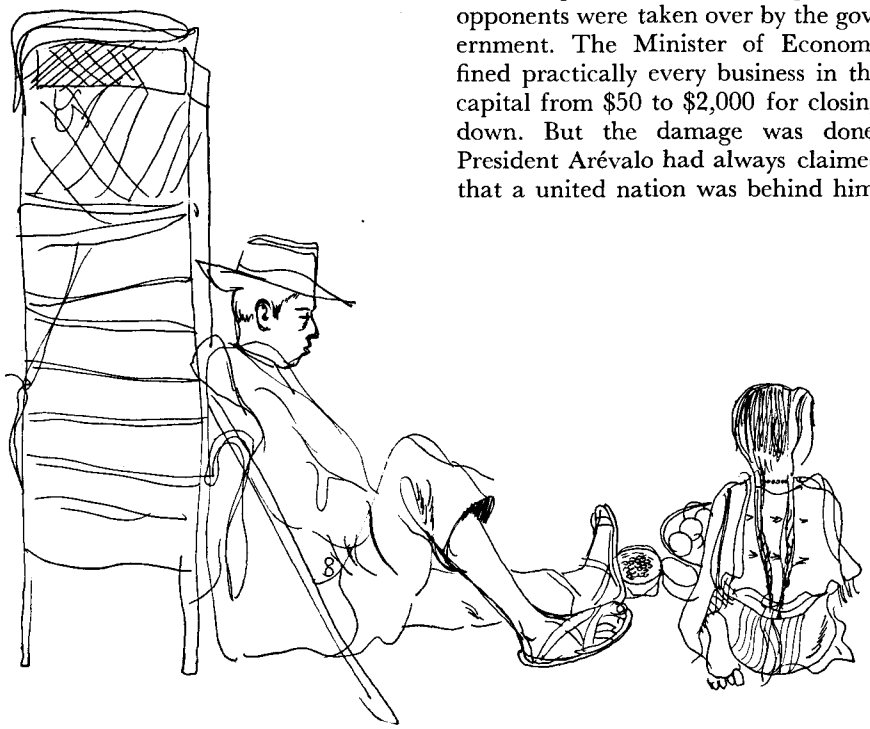
The game had begun to look like civil war.

For the next three days, it was a queer civil war. It was possible to go into the streets with perfect safety until about five o'clock. Then, an hour later, came the inevitable minute of silence. The battle for the streets raged for an hour or two. There was shooting from the rooftops and shooting in the streets. After about eight o'clock, there was calm again—until the next day. It was like the old class struggle in reverse. The workers were riding high with government protection, and the middle class was on strike.

Every day brought its list of casualties. The average seemed to be two killed and twenty wounded. There were enough casualties on both sides to prove that neither was entirely innocent. The *porristas* ransacked the homes of prominent oppositionists in the middle of the night. On the other hand, another trade-union demonstration on July 24 was interrupted by a burst of shots from nearby rooftops. The crowd dropped to the ground or scattered in panic, and a handful of policemen fired back vainly; two men were picked up dead and seventeen were wounded.

And so, within a week, what had started as a half-amusing stunt by old Cobos Batres had developed into a major show of strength by the Communist leaders of the trade unions, a student strike, a business shutdown, and political mob violence. It was the strike of the businessmen that really alarmed the left-wing Arévalo régime. When the Chamber of Commerce called the strike, it looked like an empty gesture. Even the conservative leaders of that body were astounded at the response. It showed that the government had driven into the opposition the entire middle class.

The unions promptly promised to open the shops and factories themselves. The government threatened all businessmen, particularly those of foreign origin, with severe reprisals. A few enterprises of well-known political opponents were taken over by the government. The Minister of Economy fined practically every business in the capital from $50 to $2,000 for closing down. But the damage was done. President Arévalo had always claimed that a united nation was behind him. The strike proved that the nation was split down the middle.



The climax came on the night of July 25, when the Communist leaders demanded the arming of their followers. By this time, however, the army chiefs were fed up. The economic life of the capital was paralyzed. The daily dose of violence was getting bigger and bigger. It could not go on much longer without bursting out into full-scale civil war. In that event, the army itself might well be split.

Both sides shrank from the ultimate showdown. On the afternoon of July 26, a committee of the students, merchants, industrialists, and professionals met with the head of the army forces, Major Carlos A. Paz Tejada. They signed a written agreement calling off the strike and promising the mutual pacification of the country. President Arévalo temporarily handed over most of his power to Major Paz Tejada by declaring martial law. The Minister of the Interior and the Director of the Guardia Civil resigned, as the strikers had demanded. And old Cobos Batres took a plane to Mexico and exile.

The Communist leaders accepted this denouement with some discomfiture, because it signified that, though they controlled the labor movement, there was still one power which controlled the country—the army. Actually, this week of violence in July was the turning point in Communist influence. This was never so great and transparent as in the first few days when the government seemed willing to let the Communist-led street battalions deal with the minute of silence alone. The Communist leaders were more than glad of the opportunity to show that they could bring out the only mass support behind the government.

But the Communists had overreached themselves. They had isolated themselves and the government which seemed to depend on them from the entire middle and business class. They had even frightened the small shopkeepers with the specter of revolution—a revolution which they were in no position to deliver. They had created a revolutionary atmosphere without having a revolutionary situation. The inevitable result was a sharp reaction.

—THEODORE DRAPER

*(This is the first of two articles on Guatemala.)*



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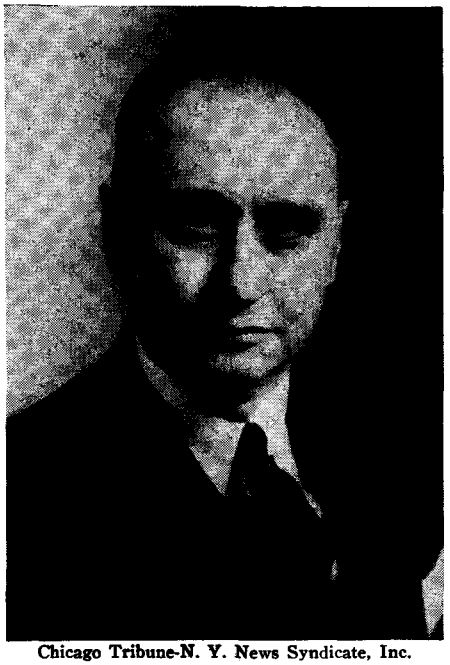
# The Opinions of Oliver Warbucks

"He could buy most countries and throw 'em away," Little Orphan Annie once remarked of her well-heeled foster parent, Oliver Warbucks. Richer by far than Henry Ford ever dreamed of being, more generous to the deserving poor than Andrew Carnegie, and more powerful than either John D. Rockefeller or Mark Hanna, Oliver Warbucks has joined those less fortunate men in the hierarchy of American mythology through his regular appearances, for more than a quarter of a century, in the comic strip which bears the name of his small redheaded admirer. At present over 300 newspapers, with a total circulation of 47,000,000, print the syndicated adventures of this benevolent capitalist, who combines the reassuring attributes of an omnipotent father-figure and an outspoken champion of the American Way of Life.

Warbucks himself is suitably modest about his accomplishments. "I'm just a business man," he replied laconically to Annie's unbridled enthusiasm for "ten billion dollars worth o' jewels" he had shown her, "—but I will admit my business has been pretty good lately."

The staggering wealth of Daddy Warbucks is to be taken as a sure sign of his good character, according to Harold Gray, the artist who draws "Little Orphan Annie." Gray, in a moment of self-revelation, once stated as a moral postulate that "A man is worth just exactly what he can get." Daddy Warbucks gets plenty. Gray does too.

Gray, a mild-mannered man in his late fifties who affects a slight dental "t" when he wants to sound like a tough guy, has regrets about Daddy's family name. "If I'd a' had any idea he'd be a regular character, I'd have never given him that name," Gray told a visitor to his estate in Fairfield, Connecticut, recently. "Sure, he made his money in the war, but not in profiteering. He



Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.

*Harold Gray*

represented the rough-hewn industrialist, the pirate of international finance." Gray denies any connection between Daddy Warbucks and "Daddy" Browning, whose untidy relations with his wife "Peaches" were prominently featured in the tabloids about the time Warbucks appeared.

Warbucks was introduced as a secondary character in the strip soon after its beginning in November, 1924. Mrs. Warbucks, the prototype of the series of socially aspiring battleaxes with whom Annie has had trouble through the years, took Annie out of an orphanage merely in order to acquire a reputation for philanthropy. "Annie naturally gravitated to the kitchen," Gray explained, "and when Warbucks showed up, he was the kind of guy who wore red suspenders and slapped the butler on the back—a real self-made man. He took a shine to Annie."

Tapping his temple to stir up memory, Gray said, "I can't for the life of me think what happened to the first Mrs. Warbucks. Went off to Europe—she got hipped on that foreign stuff—and she was gone for a long while. I didn't go into the details of it. Then there was his second wife. This fat blond named Trixie came along and made a fuss over Annie. A gold-digger if there ever was one, but Daddy figured Annie needed a mother."

Gray was unable to remember what had happened to Trixie either. "He took her off on a three-masted schooner to the Pacific. I didn't go into the details of it. The long and short of it was that Warbucks turned up alone the next time we saw him." These strange disappearances may have involved more than the ordinary conventions of art; the great wealth of Warbucks has more than once saved him from embarrassing legal complications which would have weighed heavily on a Li'l Abner, a Dagwood Bumstead, or even the intrepid Superman.

"I patterned Warbucks after Big Business in the thought that Big Business was being maligned," Gray told the writer with a touch of melancholy. "His popularity waned after the New Deal came in and brought a different theory of life. About '35 I began getting letters to the effect that Warbucks was all kinds of a ring-tailed bastard. Everything became political. I couldn't even say 'Honesty is the best policy' without somebody hollering that I had maligned the greatest President the country had ever seen."

It was Warbucks's great wealth that nearly brought an early end to Gray's comic strip. The late Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News,* who had given Little Orphan Annie her name and who personally edited the strip from time to time, felt that Annie was getting too ritzy in the Warbucks household, and ordered the strip killed on October 27, 1925.



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LET'S DROP THE DIPLOMATIC DOUBLE TALK··· I "LOANED" YOU A BILLION AS A BRIBE TO PLAY ON MY SIDE···
AH-H···BUT THAT MONEY WAS TO HELP MY POOR PEE-PUL···
4-11-50
SURE! SO YOU USED THE BRIBE TO KEEP YOU AND YOUR GANG IN POWER···THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS···BUT YOU WENT OVER TO MY ENEMIES···
I··· I DID IT ALL FOR MY PEE-PUL···
YOU TOOK MY BRIBE··· THEN YOU WELSHED ON OUR DEAL···YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME···
I RESENT THAT, SIR! I AM A MAN OF HONOR···
HAROLD GRAY

"Who ever heard of a *rich* orphan?" Patterson asked. But there were so many protests from readers that Patterson was obliged to reinstate the strip and to offer an editorial apology.

Warbucks again incurred the displeasure of Captain Patterson in 1935, at about the time letters began to come in "to the effect that Warbucks was all kinds of ring-tailed bastard." In the summer of 1935 Warbucks was involved in a business transaction with a bewhiskered gaffer named Eli Eon, who had invented "eonite." This substance, which was "clear as crystal, ten times stronger than steel, impervious to strongest acids or greatest heat," was going to "replace everything built or used by man." There were also interesting hints that "eonite's made *all* guns out o' date as bows and arrows."

Warbucks saw eonite as a cure for the depression, which was still severe. "In a few years," he declared, "all shacks and slums will be eliminated—living costs will fall—national wealth will increase tremendously—those with the least will live better than our rich today." Here was a promise that made the New Deal look like penny ante, and the beauty of it was that it could all be accomplished by a few rugged individualists within the framework of the private-enterprise system. In Daddy's scheme there would be no blue eagles and no men raking leaves.

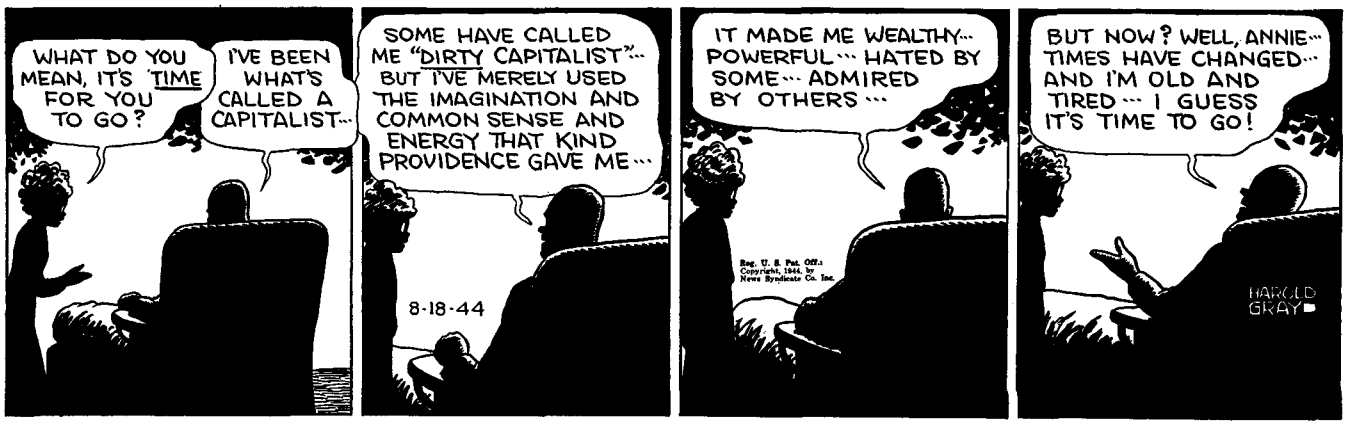
"But what about the people of other countries?" asked one of his associates. "Yeah, what about them?" chimed in another. "Generosity to all other nations is noble," replied Warbucks, winking wisely, "but let's take care of our own countrymen first, eh?"

The paternalism of Daddy Warbucks was so benign that even *non sequitur* revisions of the competitive private-enterprise system sounded like pure reason on his lips. "By retaining absolute control of the secret," he assured his followers, "I shall be able to keep the price down within the reach of all." Needless to say, when three ugly men with unshaven chins and shabby overcoats were sent around to Daddy's plant by a labor union they met with no success among the happy workers.

The villain, in the person of one J. Gordon Slugg, was not slow to make his presence felt in the midst of this industrial paradise. First he created unrest among the peasantry by hiring a silver-throated politician known as Claptrap, who bore a remarkable resemblance to the late Huey Long, to demand that eonite be taken away from Warbucks and given to the pee-pul. When a mob broke into the grounds and the plant guards asked for permission to fire, Warbucks held up his right index finger and proclaimed, "For the time being they're savages driven to outrageous and senseless violence by mountebanks and self-seeking demagogues. But at heart they're our friends and neighbors. No!" he protested, "No matter what happens, I'll not allow one of that mob to be harmed."

The mob killed Eli Eon, and with him the secret of eonite. Apprised of the outcome, Slugg scourged his lieutenants, who could only reply, "Dat mob went hay-wire." The unfortunate results of an attempt to share a rich man's wealth among the pee-pul seemed to offer a moral, one which Captain Patterson considered out of place in a comic strip. "He wasn't so much for the New Deal as he was for me keeping my goddam beak out of politics," Gray explained recently.

Down but not out after the eonite affair, Warbucks was just looking around for a new enterprise on which to focus his talents when his old Chinese friend, Wun Wey, showed up. Wun Wey, following a hunch to check


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO?
I'VE BEEN WHAT'S CALLED A CAPITALIST···
SOME HAVE CALLED ME "DIRTY CAPITALIST"··· BUT I'VE MERELY USED THE IMAGINATION AND COMMON SENSE AND ENERGY THAT KIND PROVIDENCE GAVE ME···
8-18-44
IT MADE ME WEALTHY··· POWERFUL··· HATED BY SOME··· ADMIRED BY OTHERS···
BUT NOW? WELL, ANNIE··· TIMES HAVE CHANGED··· AND I'M OLD AND TIRED··· I GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO!
HAROLD GRAY



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former Atomic Energy Commissioner

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IK SHUMAN, Co-Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

[SEAL] ALVIN A. TENDLER, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 31, 1951)

into Daddy's Oriental holdings, had discovered that they made him "rich beyond the bounds of any dream."

"Luck!" Warbucks exclaimed, "Crazy bull-headed luck." And off he went to claim his fortune "in that remote land [where] force is the only real law." The turn of events in Asia during the past few years has apparently had its effect on the Warbucks holdings there. Wun Wey has dropped out of Daddy's entourage, and in the spring of 1948 Warbucks was beginning to speak hopefully of Africa, a continent he characterized as "rich enough to reward *any* man—or any nation of men—who are strong enough to develop it—and *hold* it."

Warbucks has often had trouble holding onto his wealth, and has even been dead broke on a few occasions. In January, 1941, he came to Annie a sick and shattered man as the result of long months in a prison camp "over there." On Thursday, February 6, he borrowed five dollars from a poor but honest couple with whom Annie was staying. The next day, Friday, February 7, he came back dressed in his customary rich but modest dark suit, complete with gloves, cane, and diamond stickpin; he was flashing a roll that would have choked a horse. "Hello, folks!" he bellowed. "That five-dollar bill you loaned me had luck written all over it. Here it is—and five hundred *interest* and my eternal gratitude . . . I always said a little stake was all any man needs, if he knows how."

"But you work so *hard!*" Annie complained on one occasion. "Oh, yes," Warbucks agreed. "Work, work, work—day and night . . . and for what? Just another blasted ten or twenty billions. Chickenfeed!" A few minutes later, in a less kittenish mood, he gave Annie a more straightforward description of his personal philosophy. "Only with money," he cautioned, "can we get the *real* things that count." And later he added, "Cash is handy, Annie. It's the only thing I know of that will win *all* arguments for right—for decency and for country. *My* country."

The efforts of Oliver Warbucks in behalf of his country have been undertaken in the face of a niggling, bureaucratic lack of understanding on the part of the government. The two have apparently not seen eye to eye, for instance, on the matter of income taxes. Speaking on the phone to someone who may well have been his tax lawyer, Warbucks spoke as follows in June, 1937: "And suppose I refuse to tell where I got them [the ten billion dollars worth o' jewels]—oh, they would, eh? Just keep the whole ten billion, eh? But not do anything to me. That's nice—maybe my secret is *worth* ten billion to *me.*"

And it was. "I'm one bird," he said into the phone a few days later, "who can lose them and still get along without making a beef. No, I didn't call you a thief—I said beef. But you've *got* something there, friend."

"What the use?" he asked a trusted crony. "All I wanted the ten billion for was to do what I thought would be a good turn to my fellow men." There was no appreciable diminution in Warbucks's standard of living after this little contretemps with the Department of Internal Revenue. "Down to my last couple of millions," he sighed stoically; "practically a pauper."

Daddy Warbucks has been at death's door many times, and has been reported missing frequently. He always comes back. But in August, 1944, his friends really thought he was a goner. Warbucks had lost even the will to live. "I've been what's called a capitalist," he explained weakly to Annie. "Some have called me *dirty* capitalist—but I've merely used the imagination and common sense and energy that kind Providence gave me. . . . Well, Annie, times have changed and I'm old and tired. I guess it's time to go! . . . I've lived my life according to my time and generation. Probably it's *time* for me to go."

And he sailed away into the sunset on August 20, 1944, to his heavenly rewards, which would certainly have come as an anticlimax to his earthly rewards. A dignified, gray-haired lady who was standing with Annie on a cliff looking out to sea after him offered this thought: "We are seeing not only the passing of a man, but also the passing of an era—of a way of life—in this land we love!"

But in July, 1945, Daddy returned from the dead, full of plans for the future. Later he declared, "I feel fine back here *now.* Maybe the climate has changed while I was away." A fuller explanation of the resurrection was offered in the August 6, 1945, issue



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of *Newsweek*, which quoted Harold Gray as saying, "The situation changed last April. . . . Roosevelt died then."

"I meant it as satire," Gray explained recently.

Warbucks was alive to the danger from the East back when Whittaker Chambers was just a Communist errand boy. As early as 1937, the villain who was after Daddy's ten billion dollars' worth o' jewels was a slippery party with an evil-looking black spike beard who answered to the name of Boris Sirob. (Read it backwards and forwards; it's Russian.) And since that time the villains, all of whom look remarkably alike, have had names like Ivan, Axel, Gregory, Itchkovitch (who looked like Molotov), and Katerina.

Even the pressure of military expediency during the war did not compromise Daddy's foursquare stand against the Red hordes. When he showed up in May, 1942, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant general, following by only a few months the lead of William S. Knudsen, it was made clear that Warbucks was fighting for very specific war aims. "Had all my *money* in this thing, you know," he said with clipped military precision. "Figured *I* should get in too."

"But all your mills and factories!" Annie protested. "Isn't *makin'* th' guns an' tanks an' ships an' other stuff as 'portant as fightin'?"

"Of course," Daddy replied warmly, "but I chose to fight. You know I turned over all my business to the, er, government." And he pointed out to Annie, who whiled away the war years blowing up enemy submarines and capturing Nazi spies, "We're *not* fighting for a *new* world, Annie. We're fighting for our *old* world of *Free America.*"

Warbucks, whose bald head is naturally chock full of atomic secrets, was on the point of giving them up to the enemies of freedom in January, 1946. Well aware that Daddy had been on the trail of eonite since the death of old Eli Eon in 1935, a group of shadowy international figures led by Thaddeus T. Tidnab put two and two together and determined to extract the secret of the atomic bomb from Warbucks by threatening to torture his beloved Annie. As Tidnab made ready to slice off one of the little girl's ears, Warbucks began to weaken. "No! NEVER!" Annie shouted to buck him up. "What's my ear compared to th' lives o' everybody in this country?" Fortunately, through the good offices of his faithful servants Punjab and The Asp, Warbucks was able to give Tidnab the atomic bomb right where it would do the most good.

Since then Daddy has followed an uncompromising "get-tough" policy toward the enemies of freedom. "Let's drop the diplomatic double talk," he said last April to a shifty-eyed foreign ambassador. "I 'loaned' you a billion as a *bribe* to play on my side—"

"Ah-h—but *that* money was to help my poor pee-pul," the ambassador interrupted unctuously, tipping us off by his use of the word "pee-pul" that there was no good in him.

"Sure!" Daddy snapped back. "So you used the bribe to keep *you* and your gang in *power*. That's *your* business. But *you* went over to my enemies." In these troubled times even Daddy Warbucks has difficulties making foreign governments toe the line.

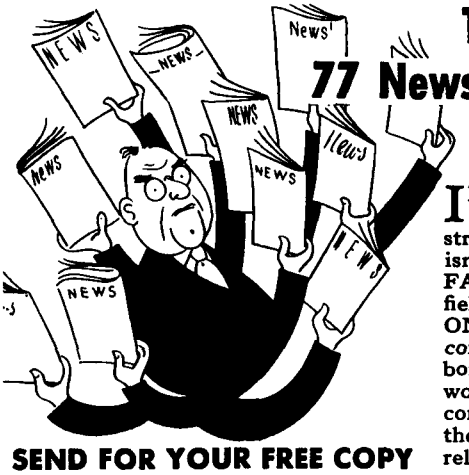
All in all, Warbucks had a busy time with Ivan and his gang this summer. Annie, who has an infinite capacity for not getting the point, asked repeatedly why Ivan was not turned over to the authorities once Warbucks had apprehended him. "No, he'd only be deported probably," Daddy answered wearily, "—maybe given a little jail sentence after a few years of trials." Preferring forthright action, Warbucks found ways of making Ivan spill all his secrets and then packed him up in a box and shipped him back where he came from.

Warbucks has always aligned himself with vigorous anti-Communists. Nick Gatt, for instance, a kindhearted gangster who was Annie's benefactor in 1940 during one of Daddy's frequent absences, proved to be a stalwart foe of Axel's band of revolutionaries. "What's yer personal grudge against this Axel feller?" one of Nick's triggermen asked.

"It's not personal," the patriotic mobster replied. "I was a punk kid. But nobody kept *me* from makin' a success . . . Axel isn't going to fix it so *nobody* can work up in this country, legitimate or not! We've got freedom here. Me, I want to keep it free."

Nick Gatt's ringing defense of freedom, for businessmen and crooks alike, might well have been voiced by Warbucks himself, who has never been one to look down on a man because of his vocation. He and his followers have often been exasperated by the law's delay. In fact, over the years both Annie and Warbucks have found themselves more at home with those who are not afraid to take the law into their own hands than with lawyers, social workers, and other self-deluded do-gooders.

—Robert K. Bingham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*Front and Center:*

# 'No Way Out'

John Dewey has just conferred an award on Darryl Zanuck for *No Way Out,* the boldest film about race prejudice that Hollywood has so far produced. This film has already won several prizes for its contribution to interracial understanding. It deserves them, if only because of the directness and candor with which it portrays Negroes and Negro haters on the screen. The movie has great bite and drive. It is not afraid to confront the naked face of hatred. It shuns euphemisms, and introduces the seamy vocabulary of prejudice wherever the hard and ugly words are required. The shock of emancipation hits you when you hear the words "nigger," "coon," "dinge," and "jigaboo" from the screen.

The story revolves around a Negro intern in a white hospital, under whose hand a petty hoodlum dies. The hoodlum's brother (Richard Widmark), a psychopathic "nigger hater" addicted to comic books and lechery, accuses the Negro of deliberate murder. With artful cunning, he uses two people to gain revenge: the hoodlum's bitter and befuddled widow (Linda Darnell) who loathes him, yet is drawn by the sheer magnetism of his viciousness; and a deaf-mute, one of the most serenely macabre characters I've ever met outside a nightmare. Widmark incites a race riot, organized (somewhat extremely) in a junk yard; but the Negroes get wind of it and stage a surprise counterattack of their own. (It is worth noticing how successful the film is in getting the whites in the audience to identify themselves with Negroes beating up whites.) The hoodlum finally inveigles the Negro intern into the house of a white doctor, where he plans to torture and kill him. The ending has the virtue of being ironic: Nothing is solved; there is no easy solution, no happy ending, "no way out." But alas, the final scene is prolonged, muddled, and frenetic hocus-pocus.

The actors in this taut, savage story are superb. Miss Darnell is excellent as a slattern who clings to a last battered remnant of decency. Stephen McNally is perfect as the white doctor. Richard Widmark plays the villain with power and subtlety, and with the proper mixture of the vile and the ingratiating. The film is brilliantly directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

Yet *No Way Out* is oddly unsatisfying, as a movie and as a movie about race prejudice. For it is, in the final analysis, a melodrama—and melodramas operate with events, not characters; with effects, not convictions. The technique in this picture is so skillful, the plot so ingenious, the contrivances so arresting that they overshadow the people or the issue with which the people are presumably concerned. It is one of the prices you pay for melodrama that characters become tails on the kite of action, caught by events external to themselves. It is for this reason, I think, that *No Way Out* is surprisingly unmoving. It contains the material of tragedy but skates along entirely on the surfaces of feeling. It is sharply etched, rather than deeply experienced. It has the raw "punch" of many of the early gangster films—and as in the gangster films, the moral gets lost in the excitement.

The key to the film lies in the character of the Negro hater, and he is presented as a psychopath. Now this makes him a fine, gory tool for melodrama; it also makes him irredeemably aberrant. The choice of such a villain pushes prejudice out of the area of common experience and into the area of psychopathology. The makers of *No Way Out* must have been vaguely aware of this, because they tacked a final scene onto the picture in an effort to "explain" the hoodlum, or at least drag him back from the extremities of motivation.

What they drag *in* is embarrassing. It begins to dawn on you that the writers (Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels) made a desperate grasp for a last-minute rationale, a pat clinical formula for race prejudice. They settle for a mishmash in which Widmark thrashes about, beating his chest, sobbing in self-pity, "Love those poor nigger babies. That's what they told us. Well, who ever thought about *me?* Who ever loved *me?*" Now it is taxing enough to learn that a shanty-town bum was asked to love Negroes—after eight reels which suggest the opposite; it is ludicrous to watch a character from the world of Moon Mullins suddenly display a degree of self-consciousness appropriate to the universe of Freud.

When melodrama deals with a problem that is meant to be handled with significance, there is bound to be a basic clash of purposes. The slow, patient exploration of characters is sacrificed to the muscular parade of the startling. The Negro haters in *No Way Out* are all hoodlums, illiterates, or fanatics. I wish there had been even passing reference to the legion of the charming and the cultivated who wear their prejudices with style.

Having said all this, I urge you to see *No Way Out.* It deserves your patronage and your praise. It took courage to make a film that was certain to arouse anger in the South, and in all those who carry the worst of the South within them. —Leo Rosten



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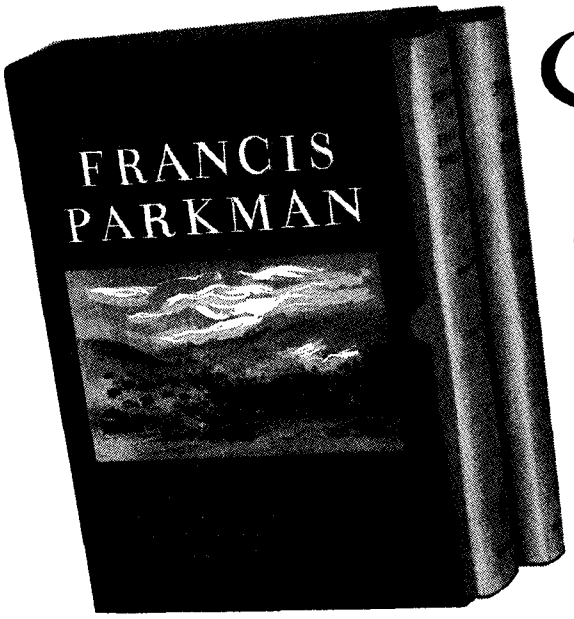


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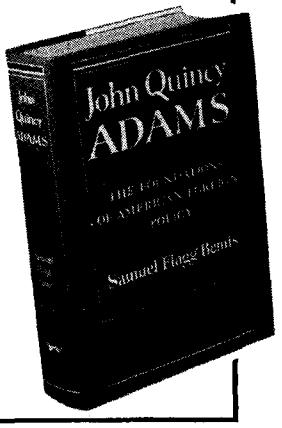


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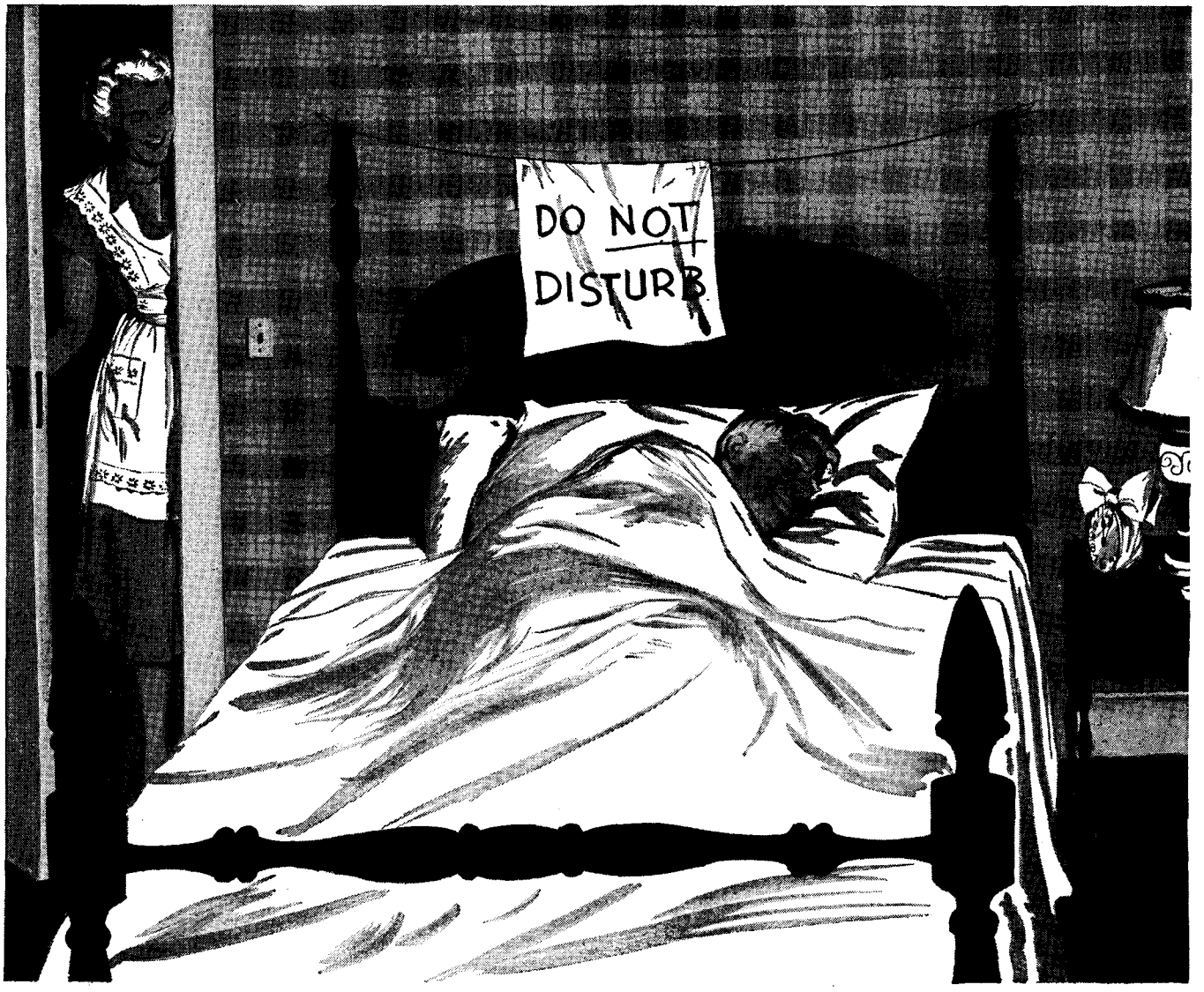


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